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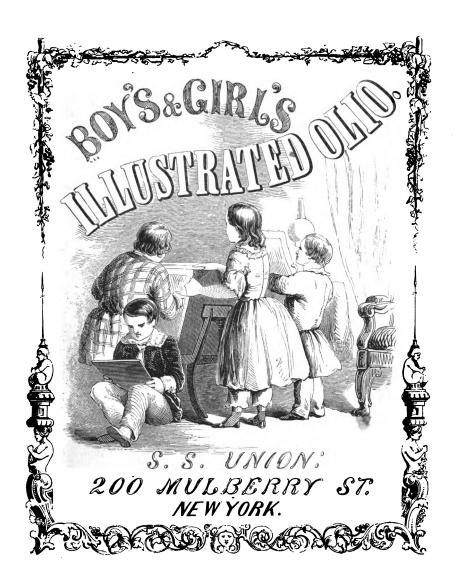
JOHN T. DUFFIELD

CLASS OF 1841



Helen K. Duffreid, from Grandfa, Newyear's, 1869.





PREFATORY NOTE.

This volume is intended for a holiday gift-book. To fit it for this use, it has been profusely and elegantly illustrated, beautifully printed, and admirably "got up." Its matter is, in the main, a selection of extracts from various publications, and is calculated both to please and instruct intelligent children, between the ages of ten and fourteen years. In a word, it is just such a volume as a Christian parent may safely place in the hands of his child, with the assurance that while it will amuse his leisure hours and improve his understanding, it will neither deprave his imagination nor corrupt his heart.

NEW-YORK, 1856.

D. W.



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THE LEGETH OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

See page 17.

Boys and Girls' Illustrated Olio.

THE

ILLUSTRATED OLIO.



CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

brings to the boys and girls of these happy times! What delightful holidays! What beautiful presents! What glorious visits to grandpas and grandmas, to aunts and uncles! But, best of all, what precious recollections it awakens in the memories of thoughtful children!

Christmas is the season which reminds us of the birth of Jesus Christ. At this period of the year the wonderful events attending his birth, as recorded in the Gospels, took place. First, there was the visit of the angels to the simple shepherds, as they watched their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem.

There they sat, in the starlight of a quiet night, huddled together, half asleep it may be, with their sheep nestling in the grass around them. Now and then, they rouse themselves, and cast a searching glance across the plain, to see if some wakeful, straggling sheep demands their care, or to detect the coming of a prowling thief.

Suddenly a bright light overspreads the plain. The darkness yields to a brightness exceeding that of the sun, for the "glory of the Lord shone round about them." In the midst of the "glory" they see an angel. They are affrighted, yet cannot flee, for their fears root them to the spot. To calm them the angel speaks, saying,

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

These words of comfort were succeeded by the appearance of a multitude of angels, singing a heavenly song,

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook."

After the song, the angels departed. The plain was dark again, and the calm stars shone brightly in the clear heavens. It was now, probably, near the dawn. The shepherds, eager to see the child whose birth had been so royally announced, spoke to one another, saying,



"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass."

They were all of one mind on this point, so they started forthwith for Bethlehem. There they found "the babe lying in a manger," just as the angel had foretold. Great was their joy. You may see them in the next picture, gazing at the wonderful child. One of them is giving utterance to his

gladness on his pipe. They all share his joy; and on leaving the place will go forth to publish what they have witnessed, and to treasure up in their hearts a holy faith in the Messiahship of that babe.



This birth of the holy Jesus is, then, the event which is celebrated at Christmas. Every child should, therefore, read and think of the infant Christ. He should ask whence he came, and why he was born; why he lived, and why he died. The answers to these questions would show him that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and that every child should, therefore, believe in him, love him, obey him. He who does these things most, keeps Christmas best.

Your English ancestors, among other methods of keeping Christmas, were wont to sing quaint hymns called "Carols." Here is a picture of a family singing a Christmas Carol on Christmas eye.



And here is one of the carols which they probably sung. It was written nearly four hundred years ago.

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

"When Christ was born of Mary free, In Bethlehem, in that fair citie, Angels sang there with mirth and glee, In Excelsis Gloria!

"Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, 'God's Son is born this night,'
In Excelsis Gloria!

"This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find;
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

"Then, dear Lord, for thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,
That we may sing to thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!"

Not content with singing their carols at their own homes, our good ancestors went round, toward midnight, to sing



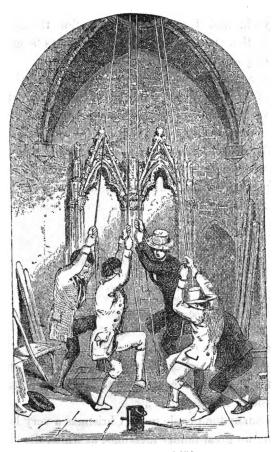
beneath the windows of their friends. The practice prevails even now, to some extent, in England. I have heard them sung myself, and I assure you that few things are more delightful than the voices of the Christmas singers in the night. Opposite is a picture of such a party.

Another practice at Christmas was, to ring the bells on the eve of Christmas day. In the old churches of England they have "chimes" of five or seven large bells, which are rung by men trained to the practice. When well rung, these bells make delightful music. The children of the olden time used to wish to be awaked at midnight, to hear them. Here is a poem, in which a little child asks to be awaked for that purpose:

"Wake me to-night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well;
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done."

A picture of the ringers of one of these "chimes" is on the next page. They appear to be very earnestly engaged, as if they found it rather hard work to make the bells discourse their music in the midnight air.

In Germany the people make Christmas a very happy time, by getting up great family meetings, at which the children are amused and delighted in various ways. A favorite practice is that of getting up a "Christmas-tree," which is hung with all



RINGING THE CHIMES.

sorts of gifts for the different members of the family. The boys and girls have a fine time over the Christmas-tree.

I will close these remarks about Christmas with a beautiful legend, which is, no doubt, a fact in substance. If you read it carefully, I am sure you will be greatly pleased with it.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.*

'Tis Christmas Eve, and through the ancient town Rest and rejoicing meet;

A little child comes wandering sadly down
The silent street.

Alone and very sorrowful is he, Fatherless and motherless;

He has no friend on earth a Christmas-tree
For him to dress.

With tearful gaze he turns his steps aside Where gleams the light

From a tall house, and youthful figures glide Before his sight,

As each, with festal dress and happy brow, Surrounds a gorgeous tree;

And there he asks, "Amid these is there now No place for me?

"They look so happy, surely they are kind!"
With trembling hand

He gently knocks, and craves a place to find Where he may stand,

Contented but to gaze upon the show, With grateful prayer

That they the sad reverse may never know Which brings him there.

* For the Illustration, see page 8.

Alas, alas! no place for him is there; With scornful jest

They drive him forth into the cold night air,

To seek for rest

Neath some more modest roof, where warmer hearts A nook may spare,

And gladly own that sharing joy imparts

More to their share!

Hark! Tis a burst of hearty merriment!

The child draws nigh.

'Tis from a burgher's simple tenement.
With longing sigh

He watches the glad group of faces bright, And so for him

He thinks the fir-tree once was deck'd with lights. His eyes grow dim,

And timidly he knocks, again to tell His piteous tale.

Alas for him! on stony ears it fell Without avail!

The door is closed against him, and in vain, With grief indeed,

He gazes through the latticed window pane— No one takes heed!

Weeping, he turns away, and passes by Both light and sound,

From many an humble roof and mansion high Scatter'd around;

Then pauses meekly by the lowliest door, Where a faint ray

Breaks through, and shows how fast the little store Of tapers wears away. Alas, alas! his latest hope is vain:
By word and blow
Of harsh unkindness driven forth again,
Where shall he go?
The night is dark; but the poor orphan child,
Amid his woe,

Bethinks him of the infant Saviour mild, And kneeleth low.

In prayer to Him who is not slow to hear
He kneeleth there,
And soon he sees a little child draw near,
Exceeding fair,
With whitest raiment shining like the day,
And crown of light;

And as he moves along the darken'd way, All becomes bright!

So to that patient wanderer comes he,
And bids him raise
His wond'ring eyes where springs a glorious tree,
And offer praise
To God, who heareth the sad orphan's cry,
And sendeth aid
When earthly hope is none, and misery

Maketh afraid.

No longer sad and fearful is that child;

He turns to see

Where stands, at bidding of the Infant mild,

His Christmas-tree—

A wondrous tree, radiant with heavenly light!

With one glad bound

He leaves the gloom of sorrow's bitter night—

His home is found!



THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWE.

THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.

And, plunging, shown as where to find but,

eight or ten, early in the spring, along the lakes and rivers of the United States, migrating in the autumn to warmer climates. Its nest is very large, and is made of sticks and sea-weed, measuring frequently four feet across. "The regular arrival of this noted and very beautiful bird," says Wilson, "when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen." The same author appends to his description what he calls

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The Osprey sails above the sound,

The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;

The herring shoals swarm thick around,

The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep.

Raise high the song, and cheerily wish her;

Still as the bending net we sweep,

God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!

She brings us fish, she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty;
Fine stores of chad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheep's head, and drum, and old-wives dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! &c.

She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo ho, my hearts! &c.

The plumage of the osprey is precisely adapted to its circumstances, being beautifully compact. The wings are very long, and extend considerably beyond the tip of the tail; the general color of the upper parts is rich glossy brown, and the tail is barred with alternate bands of a light and dark color. The upper parts of the head and neck are white, a band of brown passing from the beak down the side of the neck. It is about two feet in length, and the expanse of its wings is four feet six or eight inches.

But we will suppose him to be giving the little folks a description of himself. Should he do so, he would probably use something like the following language:

"In some respects, I stand quite alone. There is a singular mixture of the eagle, and falcon, and buzzard in us, together with particular properties of our own. We come near the eagle in size, we resemble the hawk in our beaks and wings, and our flight is sometimes like that of a buzzard.

"We are really very noble birds. Our powerful beaks are hooked, and are immensely hard and strong. Our claws, also, short and strong, are fitted for our own work, which is grasping fish in the water, and lifting them out of it.

"Our outer toes are turned forward, as well as the inner ones; but when we require it, we can turn the former back-

ward, and this gives us a great deal of power over our slippery prey.

"You are not acquainted, perhaps, with many birds who, like me, plunge from a height in the air into the sea. A great many of them, like myself, watch for their prey in the air, and then dart down into the waves upon it; but they mostly come head foremost, and catch the fish with their beaks; while I seldom or never have my head under water, but seize my prey with my talons.

"Though I fish in rivers or lakes, yet, in order to view me to the most advantage, you should be near the sea. And, though you may have considered the eagle's vision and descent on her prey very wonderful, I think you will allow mine to be even more so. There, in the high air, sometimes two hundred feet, sometimes more, above the sea, I may be noted, now wheeling gracefully along, to watch for any tokens of fish; now hovering over one particular spot, my wings fluttering rapidly, in order to be ready at the very moment when I see it right to descend: then down I come like a thunderbolt! I am in the ocean: the waters are roaring round me, but the fish is mine; and after a few moments' struggle, you will see me rise from the waves, shake the water from my body as a spaniel might do, and slowly and steadily wing my way for the land.

"I can carry off a very large fish; sometimes a flounder or a shad weighing several pounds; but it has happened to me, once or twice in my life, to have had rather a hard battle with a bigger and stronger fish than I expected; and once I was suddenly dragged under water and nearly drowned by one of them.

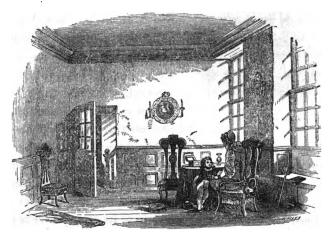
"My nest is situated conveniently for myself and my young: if I fish in a fresh-water lake, it is in reeds or on a jutting rock; or, if there be trees in the place, I build on trees. My eggs are three or four in number, never more than this.

"It is a dangerous thing to attack an osprey's nest; and he who wishes to take a peep at my eggs and young will hardly escape a buffet on the head, if his eyes be not attacked and severely wounded.

"We have one provoking enemy, the bald eagle. Would you believe it? this great, mean savage allows the osprey to descend into the waves to catch his fish, and, watching him all the while, the moment he is ready to bear his prey to the land, gives him chase! The poor osprey well knows he cannot escape, so that, just as the eagle reaches him, he drops the fish. Down goes the plunderer after the plunder, which he generally seizes before it falls into the water, and carries it off to regale himself at his leisure. This detestable bird, however, is sometimes attacked, in return, by several fish-hawks; but they can seldom do him any harm, and by all accounts he is the tyrant of the air.

"With the golden eagle I have no quarrels. Our food is different, and he never, I have heard, eats anything that he has not killed himself. For myself, I pretend to no roguery whatever, being a very plain, honest, industrious fisher; and as you have had my story, I shall bid you farewell."

BOYHOOD OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.



PARLOR IN HOUSE WHERE JOHNSON WAS BORN.

September, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a native of Derbyshire, of humble birth, who had settled there as a bookseller; and his mother belonged to a family of substantial yeomanry, which had for ages been planted in the county of Worcester. Both parents were above the ordinary stamp, and the influence of their characteristics can be distinctly traced in their son's career. The father was a pretty fair Latin

scholar, and so respectable a citizen as to be made one of the



MICHAEL JOHNSON.

magistrates of the town, though never in prosperous circumstances. His mother was a woman of strong sense and understanding, without being very literate. She was truly pious, however, and early conveyed to her boy those devout impressions which, with the exception of a short interval, were afterward so apparent in his words and actions. She used to impart to him some

religious lesson, and then send him to repeat it to the manservant, in order to have it permanently fixed on his memory; though there was in reality no occasion for any artificial aid for its preservation. His memory, indeed, was always most tenacious, and the following instance of its early power is given by the faithful and admiring Boswell:

"When he was a child in petticoats, and had learned to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the Common Prayer Book into his hands, pointing to the Collect for the day, and said, 'Sam, you must get this by heart.'

"She went up stairs, leaving him to study it; but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. 'What's the matter?' said she.

"'I can say it!' he replied, and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice." When he was not quite three years old, Dr. Sacheverel visited Lichfield. Johnson insisted on being taken to hear him, and, perched on his father's shoulders, gazed with rapture at the well-known preacher.

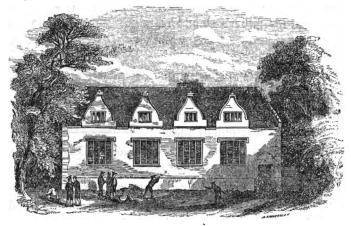
Being sorely afflicted with the king's evil, a scrofulous disease, which disfigured a countenance said to have been originally pleas-



ing, and deprived him of the use of one eye, Johnson was, in accordance with a superstition of the age, carried to London by his mother, to be touched by the queen. Though the touch was without effect, he seems to have been extremely proud of it. "He had," he said, when asked if he remembered Queen Anne, "a confused, but somehow a solemn, recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood."

He received his first instruction in English at a dame's school in his native town. One day the servant, who usually came to take him home, being behind time, he set off alone, notwithstanding his near-sightedness, which obliged him to stoop down and take a view of the street-gutter before venturing to cross it. The good dame, fearing that some accident might befall him by the way, followed at a little distance, till perceived by her youthful pupil, who manifested "that jealous independence of spirit and impetuosity of temper which never forsook him," by a not very becoming attempt to beat her.

Having next passed through the hands of an English teacher, whom he used familiarly to talk of as Tom Brown, he began Latin, in 1719, with the under-master of Lichfield



LICHFIELD SCHOOL.

School, described by him as "very skillful in his little way." Two years later he came under the care of the head master, whom he accused of anything rather than sparing the rod. However, Johnson profited largely by his instruction, and confessed that he should never have acquired his accurate knowledge of Latin but for having been well whipped. In fact, he was ever strongly of opinion that a little flogging was by no means unconducive to a boy's improvement; but he was hardly ever corrected at school himself, except for talking and diverting other boys from their lessons. Doubtless he was, by nature, indolent, but not so much so as ambitious

to excel; and the latter feeling roused him to those efforts which laid the foundation of his fame. He was almost disqualified by his defective sight from joining in the ordinary diversions of the school, but much given to reading. Romances, indeed, formed the chief part of it, and he retained his attachment to them throughout life. He often regretted his devotion to them, attributing to it a restless turn of mind, which prevented him from settling to any regular profession.

His memory was marvelous in its powers, and grasped anything presented to it with a tenacity little less than miraculous. One of his school-fellows in after-life related that, on one occasion, having recited to him eighteen verses, he repeated them after a pause with a single variation, which was, in reality, an improvement. Thus, whatever he read was added to his knowledge; and the effect was soon visible in the influence he possessed with his companions, who, especially his favorites,

found the value of his assistance, and were in the habit of requiting it by carrying him to school in the morning. He sat on the back of one, while two others supported him on each side. In frosty weather he had a strange fancy for being drawn along the ice by a barefooted boy. This was done by means of a cord fastened round his body, which even then was so heavy as to render the duty somewhat severe.



After leaving Lichfield school, and residing some time in the house of his maternal uncle, a request was made by his father to have him received as a scholar and assistant at Newport school, in Shropshire. This was not acceded to, though the head master afterward boasted that he was near having so great a man for his pupil. On this scheme failing, he was sent to the school at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, without receiving so much benefit as was expected, owing to his not being on the best of terms with the master. At this place he remained two years, assisting to teach the younger boys, and then returned home, where he spent his time in reading, without any regular plan of study. He was scolded by his father for idleness, but in reality was roaming at large in classic realms, and storing his huge mind from the works of the ancient authors.

At length it was determined that he should go to Oxford, in October, 1728, a gentleman of Shropshire promising aid in regard to the expense, which his father had not the means of defraying. On the eve of departure his old schoolmistress came to bid him farewell, bringing a present of gingerbread, which, no doubt, he accepted in the same spirit in which it was offered, and paying him a compliment, which he ever after held in grateful remembrance. She said he was the best scholar she had ever had; and Johnson, who held the boy to be the man in miniature, valued the praise at a very high rate.

He was entered a commoner of Pembroke College on the 31st of October, his father accompanying him to Oxford, and being at great pains to have him introduced to the person who

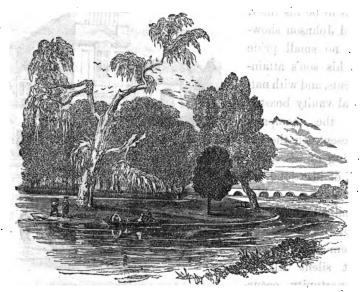
was to be his tutor. Old Johnson showed no small pride in his son's attainments, and with natural vanity boasted the company present, on the evening of his arrival, of his wondrous learning. The young sage's appearance struck them as odd. He sat silent till an opportunity occurred for a quotation,



PEMBROKE COLLEGE GATEWAY.

when he struck in, and gave some idea of that extensive reading in which he had indulged when upbraided by his father for waste of time.

Johnson never considered that he owed much to his tutor's instruction, which, perhaps, he did not sufficiently exert himself to profit by. Having waited on him the first day, he stayed away the next four. On the sixth, being asked why he had not attended, he gave as an excuse that he had been sliding in Christ Church Meadow. He was not aware at the time, as he afterward declared, that he had said anything disrespectful to his tutor, for whose character he ever expressed great esteem.



CHRIST CHURCH MEADOW.

The Fifth of November was, at that time, kept with great pomp and solemnity at Pembroke College, and the students were required to write something on the Gunpowder Plot. This Johnson neglected to do, producing, by way of apology, a few verses, which so pleased the tutor, that their author was requested to translate Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verse, as a Christmas exercise. He had, at school, given proofs of his poetic talent; he had also, while at Lichfield, written some verses for some young ladies; and he now set himself to the appointed task. The result was cheering. His rapidity and success gained him immense applause, and served much

to raise him in the opinion of his College and the University.

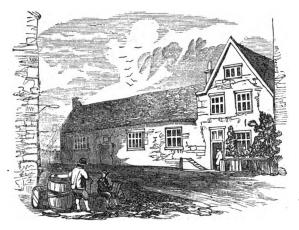
While staying at Lichfield, during the vacation of 1729, he felt himself all but overpowered with that peculiar melancholy which haunted him to his last days, and made vigorous efforts to shake it off by long walks and other expedients. But as they proved of no avail, he put into the hands of a medical man a statement of his case, written in Latin. The physician was struck with its research and eloquence, and could not refrain from showing it to his friends, which so offended Johnson that he never fully forgave what he regarded as the betrayal of confidence.

From his ninth year he had been somewhat lax in so far as religion was concerned; but at Oxford he began to consider the matter seriously, and ever after was most exemplary in the fulfillment of his duties.

His poverty at this period became extreme; and it is related that, being in the habit of going to Christ Church to obtain from a friend the substance of some lectures then being delivered, his shoes were observed to be so much worn, that his feet appeared through them. Perceiving that this was noticed, he ceased from coming; and some of his well-wishers having placed a new pair at his door, he manifested his proud independence of spirit by indignantly throwing them away.

He felt that he was gifted in no ordinary degree, and hoped to fight his way by his literary abilities and learning. This, consideration sustained him in all the privations which he endured at Oxford, but it could not supply the funds to maintain him there; and the gentleman to whose promises he had trusted having failed to make them good, he was compelled, in the autumn of 1731, from want of means, to cut short his career, to leave the University without a degree, and to return to his native place, with hardly any prospect of making even a decent livelihood.

In the December of the same year, his father died insolvent, and Johnson's gloom deepened into something like despair. Under these circumstances, he accepted a situation as usher to a school at Market Bosworth, which he retained only for a few



MARKET BOSWORTH SCHOOL.

months, experiencing great misery all the time. He then went on a visit to an old schoolfellow and townsman, who had settled as a surgeon at Birmingham. While there, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Warren, for whom he wrote his first prose

work, an abridgment and translation of Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," which was published in London. He likewise became acquainted with Mr. Porter, whose widow he married in 1736, when he opened a private academy at Lichfield, which

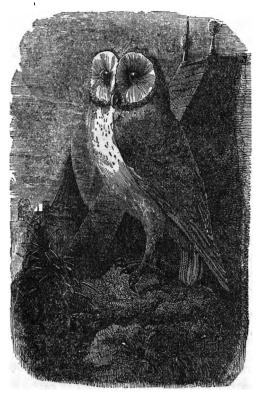
proved an unsuccessful undertaking. In 1737 he removed to London, and at first wrote chiefly for the "Gentleman's Magazine." His great works soon began to appear and arrest public attention. In time his name became famous, and it was his happiness always to improve as an author as he advanced in years.

In 1762 the king settled on him a pension; the degree of LL.D. was bestowed on him by Trinity College, Dublin; and the same distinction was afterward conferred by his own University. He died on the 13th of Decem-



ber, 1784, in his seventy-fifth year, and was buried in West-minster Abbey.—John G. Edgar.

THE OWL.



Phe Oblwas looked upon by the ancients as emblematical of wisdom, and was one of the animals sacred to Minerva, the heathen goddess of wisdom, who is generally represented with an owl perched by her side. Since then it has obtained a very different character, and is looked upon foreboding all that is bad. If its cry is heard in the nighttime, those

watching by the sick look upon it as a sure sign of death, though the poor bird has nothing more to do with sickness or

death in a family than the ticking of the house clock. The barn-owl, common in this country, and found through the most of Europe, is a beautiful and useful bird. When full-grown it measures nearly three feet across its outstretched wings; its bill is hooked like that of a hawk, and its feathers exquisitely soft and downy. The head is large, with large eyes, which are surrounded by a circle of white feathers tipped with a chestnut color, and forming a sort of ruff or frill round each eye. It dwells in ruined buildings, hollow trees, and the holes of lofty towers, and is seldom seen flying about in the daytime, but at night it is all life and activity.

"In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk, he's abroad and well.

"Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him, All mock him outright by day; But at night, when the woods grow still and dim, The boldest will shrink away."

It lives principally on mice, but occasionally catches small birds. As it has not the power of the hawk to pounce, or rather to rush, with great velocity on its prey, we might naturally wonder how it manages to catch it at all. The mouse is quick in its movements, and sharp of hearing: the least noise interrupts its gambols, and sends it instantly to its hole, so that if the owl in its descent made a rushing noise, its victim would escape. To prevent this and enable it to capture its prey, God has wonderfully covered its wings with soft

downy feathers, so that it makes no noise as it descends, and the poor little mouse is not aware of its approach till it is fast clutched in the talons of the owl. When it has caught the little animal it swallows it whole, and then flies off to seek for another. The skins of the mice which the owl destroys are ejected from the stomach in pellets, and are always found under the perch where it roosts. Mr. Waterton, who has closely observed the habits of many animals, says of the owl: "If this useful bird caught its food by day instead of hunting for it by night, mankind would soon be convinced of its usefulness, by thinning the country of mice, and it would be everywhere encouraged and protected." When it has young it will bring a mouse to the nest every twelve or fifteen minutes. But in order to have a proper idea of the enormous quantity of mice which the bird destroys, we must examine the pellets which it ejects from its stomach. Every pellet contains from four to seven skins of mice. In sixteen months the pellets found in an old gateway, where they were in the habit of roosting, amounted to above a bushel. This bird will sometimes carry away rats.

Some time ago we obtained from a youth a common barnowl, that had been shot and wounded in the wing. It was kept in a large room, and, like other birds of its species, seldom stirred from its perch during the day; but as night came on, even though there was a light in the room, it was all activity and life. If, by any means, the cat found admission to its apartment, and showed symptoms of making an attack, it would set up its feathers and make a most hideous snoring noise, growing louder and louder as the cat seemed to hesitate about the propriety of making its attack. By this means it always frightened the cat away, and after a little time puss gave up all thoughts of capturing it. In taking its food, which consisted of mice and small birds, it swallowed them whole, and often seemed as if it must choke itself in the act of devouring them. One day it had a sparrow given to it, and immediately proceeded to swallow it; from some cause or other it did not succeed for a time in getting the bird down, and presented a most curious spectacle; and when, after repeated efforts, it accomplished the task, the legs of the sparrow dangled from a corner of its bill, and were a long time perceptible. It once found its way into the yard when its wing was well enough for it to fly, and it was immediately attacked by the fowls, when it threw itself on its back, and most courageously defended itself with its claws and beak. At last it made its escape. There are many varieties of this bird, one of the most curious of which is that called the burrowing owl, which lives in holes in the ground. Though the owl is in general despised, yet it deserves a better treatment, and by its habits and structure, like all other creatures, furnishes many illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of our common Creator.



THE SOLDIER'S MORNING CALL

"I'LL BE A SOLDIER."

boy one day, as he brandished a tin sword, which had been given him for a Christmas present.

"A soldier! Robert," replied the boy's mother; "why do you wish to be a soldier? Do you think it would be a pleasant business to kill people, and batter down towns and cities with big guns and bombs?"

Robert had not thought of the killing, which is the soldier's proper business; so he said:

"No, mother, I don't want to kill people; but I should like to wear a laced coat, a plume in my hat, and a sword at my side. I think it is very fine, too, to march in a company, with a noble band at the head playing a lively tune."

"Ah, my child! you are deceived by false appearances. Soldiers do not enlist merely to dress in pretty clothes, and to march through the streets to the music of a lively band. They enlist to learn how to kill their enemies. Their proper business is to put men to death. Surely my own dear boy cannot wish to learn such a trade."

"No, mother, I don't want to learn to kill people; but I dowant to be a soldier. Was not my grandfather a soldier?"

"Your grandfather was not a soldier by profession, my son. His country was in danger of losing its liberties, and he united with his countrymen to defend his native land against the enemies of its freedom. He had no choice but to fight or be a slave. In that case he thought it his duty to become a soldier, and fight in defense of his country's rights. But he always thought war to be among the worst of evils, and had no love for the life of a soldier."



"Is that a picture of my grandfather on the wall?" asked Robert, pointing to an oil painting of a soldier just returned from the wars, which hung upon the parlor wall. "No, Robert. The man in that picture is a soldier by profession. He has been on a campaign, and has just returned from a victory which ended the war. His wife looks very happy; but the poor lady suffered great anxiety during his absence. Had he been killed, his death might have broken her heart; and those little children you see in the picture would have been left to orphanage and woe."



"But he wasn't killed, mother, was he?"

"No, my son; but thousands of others were. Every battle hurries hundreds of men to death, makes hundreds of women widows, hundreds of children fatherless. Should you like to be a soldier and kill little boys' fathers?"

- "No, mother; I don't want to kill anybody."
- "Then you must not be a soldier."
- "No, mother, I won't be a soldier."
- "That's right, my dear boy! You must not grow up to be a man of blood."
- "But suppose my country should be invaded, may I be a soldier then?" asked Robert, looking thoughtfully at his mother.
- "If, when you are a man, foreign armies invade our shores, it may be your duty to imitate your patriotic grandfather, and, like the father of your country, buckle on the sword, and become a soldier of liberty. In that case, if I am alive, I will send you to the field with my blessing on your head, and with prayer for your success.

"But, even in that case, you would find a soldier's life very hard; and should you escape death in the field of battle, you would suffer great hardships. Long marches would often nearly kill you with fatigue. You would often have to sleep on the hard ground, without tent or blanket to protect you from cold winds and driving rains. You would have to guard the camp at night, and walk the weary round of the sentinel in all sorts of weather, like the man you saw in the painting in your aunt's parlor the other day. Sometimes you would have to suffer hunger and thirst, and if you went through the campaign without losing your life, you would most likely be so injured in your health as never to enjoy life again."

"That would be hard fare, mother; yet I think I would try to endure it for my country's sake," replied Robert.

Here Robert kissed his mother, and, running off to play, soon forgot all about his wish to be a soldier. But he never saw a company of soldiers afterward without thinking of his mother's words, and saying to himself, "I'll never be a soldier unless I am called on to defend my country against an invader's sword."—Francis Forrester.



THE TURKEY.

The Turkey is an American bird, and Franklin suggested it as far more appropriate for the national emblem than the rapacious eagle. Its range, in its wild state, extends from the Northwestern territory of the United States to the Isthmus It is found in great numbers in the unsettled parts of Darien. of Indiana and Illinois; in Arkansas also, and in Tennessee and From the rapidity with which they are destroyed, it is feared that this bird in its wild state will soon cease to They are becoming every year less and less numerous. As a singular characteristic of the wild turkey, it may be mentioned that the males associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females, who keep together for the protection of their young, which the old males attack and destroy, by reiterated blows on the skull, whenever an opportunity is afforded them. The average weight of a wild turkey is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, but some have been known to weigh even thirty-six or forty. Audubon gives us the following remarkable story:

"While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine male turkey, which had been reared from its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when not more than two or three days old. It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favorite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly betook itself by night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn.

"When two years old, it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the inclosure as night approached. It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting-place to the top of a high cotton-tree on the banks of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore—the river there being nearly half a mile wide—and return toward night.

"One morning I saw it fly off at a very early hour to the woods in another direction, but took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going toward some lakes near Green River, to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along.

"Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey I saw, with surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped and turned her head toward me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favorite bird, and discovered that it had recognized the dog and would not fly from it, although the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once. A friend of mine, happening to be in

search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him, and carried it home for me.

"The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird; and brought to me on being recognized by the red ribbon which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition, made by my favorite turkey, of a dog which had been long associated with it in the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct, or of reason? an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?"





TRAVELING IN BUSSIA.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

and is peopled by many different nations.

The Russian peasants, or serfs, are slaves belonging to the master of the soil on which they live. They are not like the slaves of this country; they cannot be sold from their homes and families, but if the estate is sold they go with it. You must not suppose from this that they cannot leave its limits; the house servants often go with their owners to spend the winter, or when they visit at other times and places.

But this arrangement prevents their moving about from

place to place. Where their fathers lived they live; where they died these also die, and there they are buried. What their fathers practiced in other matters, so also do they, for the greater part of them no more go to see what their distant neighbors do than the trees which grow on the estate.

This also affects their dress. What the fathers were the sons still wear. The caps, the kirtles, and the gowns are handed down from mother to daughter from generation to generation. How would you like to wear your grandmother's bonnets, and have your capes and your dresses cut in the style in which she were hers when she was young? Or how would the boys like to wear the breeches, and knee-buckles, and long stockings? I suppose, however, that you would not mind it much, if it should happen that "everybody else should do so."

Here is a young lass with a short dress and a long apron. I hope none of our fine ladies will despise that netted fringe, for it is most probably the handiwork of the maiden's own fingers, and it is not every lady that can do as much as that. The amount of beads in her necklace would satisfy an American Indian woman; but we like her high-necked dress, while the bodice is neat and the head-dress simple.

But what think you of her lover? See how nicely his hair is combed, and there hangs his comb at his girdle, ready for the next time. His jaunty fur cap becomes him amazingly, and his heavy coat, thrown loosely over his shoulders, bears witness that it is summer in the neighborhood of St. Petersburgh.



PEASANTS IN THE VICINITY OF ST. PETERSBURGE.



PEASANT GIRL OF PARGOLA.

The spinning girl looks very cozy, tied up in a kerchief, and muffled up in her warm dress, almost to her finger ends. But her spinning machine! We will not undertake to criticise that. certainly looks like a clumsy contrivance, that might have been used since the beginning of the world, but we may not be at liberty to infer that she draws a clumsy thread from it.

But here comes a peasant girl from another province, dressed up in her holiday costume. Her long hair is modestly smoothed down on her forehead, while the tresses float on her shoulders. The lace-trimmed vandyke, the ribbon-tied wrist, and the flowing robe are gracefully becoming; but we can hardly think of these when we consider her position. O, most



ESTHONIAN PRASANTS.

touchingly tender exhibition of filial piety! The old man of the faded eye and the unsteady gait must needs go to the fair; so that graceful, thoughtful creature, lays aside her own plans for amusement, and gladly becomes her father's guide and his supporter. Blessings on the girl!



NURSE AND COSSACK CHILD.

Hey! Master Russ! have you lost your hoop-driver? I do not see but you carry your hands in your pocket quite as inde-

pendently as the most inveterate Yankee boy! Indeed, he has quite a Yankee look about him; but I think that we might suspect his cap and side coat-pockets of being foreigners. Young master clings as affectionately to his nurse, and doubtless thinks her quite as good, and quite as handsome as if she did not wear that great awkward head-dress. The summer garden of St. Petersburgh is the great resort of the children, and it is quite delightful to see the little Cossacks and Circassians at their spirited sports. The girls are dressed in the French style as soon as they can walk; but the boys are attired à la moujik, as it is called, until they are seven or eight years of age, when they appear in European clothes. Their language is as interesting as their costume. The wealthier classes employ the best English, French, and German teachers for their children; and from these four languages, which they are constantly hearing, the little ones manufacture an idiom of their own, which is exceedingly diverting.

The nobility and government officials are mostly very corrupt and unjust. The Czar Nicholas once undertook to ferret out such offenders, but he found them so very numerous, that in utter despair he cried out that they were all corrupt; there was but a single one on whom he could rely; everybody else robbed and pilfered, every one but himself, and he was honest.

The appearance of the Russian merchant I am sure that you will not admire; but beneath his uncouth dress may lie much that is good, and we will not judge by appearances. The merchants of Russia are an oppressed class. They sometimes become very wealthy by honest trade, but the nobility look

down upon them, and they are not suffered to drive a private carriage without paying a heavy tax, sometimes as much as two thousand dollars a year.



RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

Away down on the Danube, in the southern part of Russia, indeed, it may be within the bounds of Turkey on your maps, you will see the province of Wallachia. Here, as in many other parts of Russia, resides a mixed race of people, but among them may be distinguished the Tziganes. These are the descendants of some Romans whom the Emperor Trajan sent



WALLACHIANS AND TZIGANES.

to settle this country many hundred years ago. But they have never forgotten that they are the sons of Trajan and children of Rome; and though they have yielded, under the irresistible pressure of circumstances, and are still ready to suffer anything, they look forward to a future which shall restore to them the glorious days of Stephen and Michael, when they may again prove themselves worthy of their illustrious origin.

The men are generally tall, well-made, and robust. They have oval faces, black hair, vivacious eyes, set off with welldefined and beautifully-arched eye-brows, small lips, and white teeth, when they are not discolored or spoiled by too frequent use of the pipe or confectionery. Those of the class who reside in the cities are marked by quite a Greek physiognomy, while those of the country preserve the Roman features, accompanied with an air of languor, perhaps produced not less by their insufficient nourishment and miserable dwellings, than by the political yoke which has weighed so heavily on them for more than one hundred and fifty years. The upper classes were formerly frank, ardent, proud, enterprising, and even reckless in their daring; but the influences of late times have rendered them, in prosperity, vain, dishonest, suspicious, avaricious, though with large professions of generosity, cowardly, proud, and insolent; in poverty or misfortune, they are sullen and indolent. They assume the responsibilities of men at fifteen, become diplomatists at eighteen, lose all their individuality of character and purpose at twenty-one, and are old at twentyfive. No sentiment of union binds them together, unless it is an absurd pride in the native nobility, though there are scarcely a hundred who can claim a place in its ranks either by money, takent, or descent. Not more than a tenth of these can date further back than the middle of the sixteenth century.



FEMALE WALLACHIANS AND TZIGANES.

Besides the features which are common to both sexes, the Roman women are distinguished by their long eye-lashes, full throats, plump hands and feet, with a skin of extraordinary

softness and whiteness. They are amiable and spirituelle, less passionate than the Spanish, less romantic than the German, less cold than the English, and gifted, besides, with such correct good taste, that nothing but a better education is necessary to make them most charming creatures. They have better abilities than their husbands, and certainly show themselves capable of more attachment and greater devotion. They formerly appeared to best advantage in their Oriental costume, which was considered finely adapted to set off their beautiful forms; but French modes and French manners have almost entirely displaced it.

A late traveler gives an interesting account of a lively social party in the city of Bucharest, in this province. The suburbs of the city are called Mahalas, and the one where he had taken up his abode was the Mahala de la Stella. He says: "Two or three times a week I saw from my windows one of the neighboring houses brilliantly illuminated, and servants with lanterns conducting the beauties of the mahala, in their ordinary attire, toward its cheerfully lighted rooms. This kind of enlarged family life was quite charming to me. After a short residence in my new abode, I was so fortunate as to obtain an invitation to one of these social reunions. Several of the matrons of the neighborhood were seated in graceful and picturesque positions upon the red divan which extended around the apartment, forming a suitable background for the tableau of girls who were present. Their animation seemed a little intimidated upon my entrance, but after a few moments their timidity vanished, and they were quite regard-



TOUNG GIRL OF THE MAHALA DE LA STELLA.

less of my presence. I found that dancing was the chief amusement of the evening, and it was at once proceeded with in the simple style of the country, accompanied with music on the violin and the pipes of Pan. The women of Bucharest are proverbially beautiful, and those of our quarter did not detract from the established reputation of their countrywomen. Some of the names struck me as pretty and melodious. Among them I remember Maritza, Paraskeva, Lianka, Zinka, &c. The graceful national costume, although rapidly falling into disuse, especially with the young people, and, indeed, never seen in what is called society, was frequently worn on these occasions, slightly modified. On Sundays, also, I was often struck with its picturesque beauty, as I saw the fresh and smiling faces of those whom it adorned, coming forth from the white church in the midst of the flowering acacias. I leave it for your readers to decide if any fashion plate compares with the graceful attire of one our belles of the Mahala de la Stella, as given on the preceding page.

"Before taking leave of the country I must say a few words in regard to one more illustration of Russian life, the Easter festival. Among the holidays of the Greek Church, none is more popular than this. It is celebrated with great magnificence, far exceeding any display of the Romish Church, even in the Eternal City, because the entire population are actively and seriously engaged in it; it is made a duty to assist in its services, not to heighten the splendor of the parade, but from motives of sincere devotion.

"Easter is, in Russia, the time of festivity and congratulation,

like Christmas in England, and New-Year's in Paris and New-York. For six weeks after its celebration all letters commence with the sacred words, 'Christ is risen.' The only salutation heard between friends during the same time is, 'Christ is risen;' and the response is invariably, 'He is risen indeed.' This formula is used precisely as our New-Year's and Christmas felicitations are exchanged, only it is much more universal.





"Another custom which comes with this sacred holiday is still more peculiar. When the officiating priest pronounces these magical words of the Church, it is the signal for a joyful and universal embrace. Relatives and friends kiss each other, of course; but that is not all; for the time all men are equal, all are brethren. Servants kiss their masters, serfs kiss their lords, moujiks kiss the noblemen, and the poor kiss the rich. The ceremony invariably comprises three kisses on the cheeks, in allusion to the



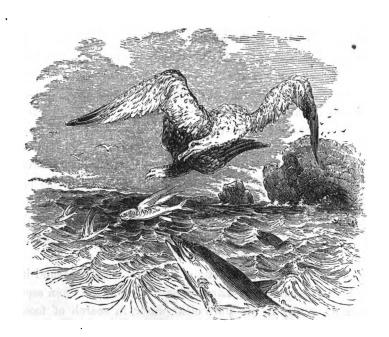
Trinity. Within and without, the sound of kissing is universal, interrupted only with the congratulation, 'Christ is risen,' and the glad response, 'He is risen indeed.' The accompanying illustrations will give an idea of the laugh-

able positions in which tall and short, fat and lean persons, find themselves in these affectionate demonstrations.



"More solid manifestations of love and charity accompany this general joy. To give at this time is a duty, and it is no disgrace to ask. In every house, according to the means and station, money, food, and clothes are distributed to the needy. The preparations for

these charities are made on a large scale?"

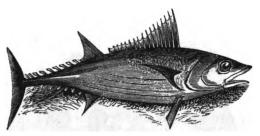


THE FLYING-FISH AND ITS ENEMIES.

lar animal, and a part of the machinery of his body is very curious. Some of our readers, who are accustomed to think for themselves, will no doubt say that everything is curious about the bodies of animals. True enough. But what we mean is, that the flying-fish is a very singular animal, and in some respects resembles a bird as well as a fish.

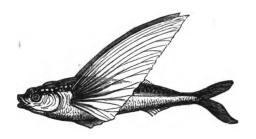
Here we see very plainly the great wisdom of God, in so constructing animals as to adapt them to their peculiar circumstances. The wing of the bird is made very light, and has a great many feathers in it, with down upon the edges. The little tubes in these feathers are filled with air, so that the bird will be very light, and can rise easily to a great height. But the fish could do nothing with such feathers. The very moment the feathers are wet in water, they are useless. So God provides a very different wing for the flying-fish. But what does he want wings for? That we shall tell you before we have done, but not quite yet. Two of the fins of this fish, one on each side, are made so that they can be opened and shut like fans. They are so large, that when they are spread, the fish can easily fly out of the water, and if he wishes, can sustain himself for a considerable time above the surface.

Flying-fish live in warm climates only. They are found in the Mediterranean Sea. Large shoals of them are often seen swimming gently in the pure clear water, in search of food. For a while they are very happy and playful. But by and by, they see their deadly enemy coming in great numbers, and very soon their sport is at an end, and the most they care about, for the time, is to keep clear of their jaws. Here you perceive the use of the wings of the flying-fish; they are needed to enable the fish to escape from the pursuit of another large fish. The principal enemy of the flying-fish is the bonito, of which we give an illustration. They are always found in great numbers where the flying-fish are; and wherever they appear, the flying-fish swim away as fast as they can. The enemy gives a long



THE BONITO.

chase. Away skims the shoal of flying fish. For a while, it is doubtful which will triumph; but by and by the enemy overtake the fugitives. Then the flying-fish use their wings, and the whole of them rise like birds into the air.—Youth's Cabinet.





SPEAK KINDLY.

SPEAK KINDLY to that poor old man, Pick up his fallen cane, And place it gently in his hand, That he may walk again.

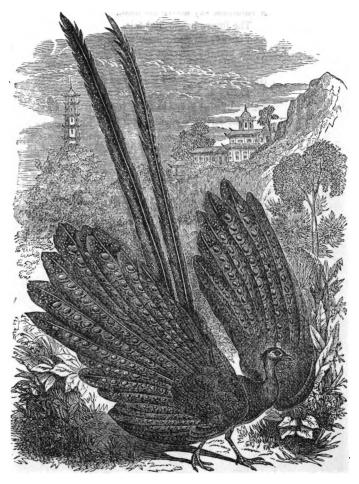
A braver deed than scorners boast
Will be your triumph then,
A braver deed than annals tell
Of some distinguish'd men.

Pass on; but think once more of him,
The wreck that you have seen;
How, once, a happy boy like you,
He sported on the green;

A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch
To breathe affection's prayer.

But ah, the change! he wanders now, Forsaken, lone, and sad: Thrice blessed is the task of those Who strive to make him glad!





THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

THE PHEASANT.

Asia. The species with which we are best acquainted is the peacock. This bird the Greeks first brought to Europe, from the shores of *Phasis*, whence the name, "Pheasant."

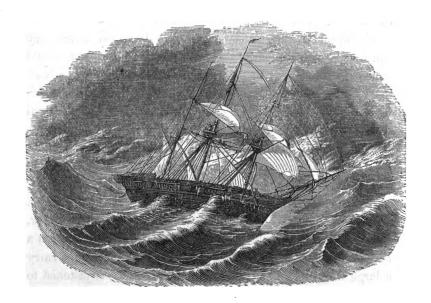
It is now frequently kept in our poultry-yards—and for what? Who can tell? Their eggs? O, no; that would be a poor speculation. For chicken pies, or for roasting? You laugh at the very idea; though the young bird is sometimes eaten. The flesh of an old one has a strong, rank taste. Probably every little boy or girl can tell me at once that they are kept for the beauty of their plumage. You have, doubtless, often admired the slender tapering shaft of the feather, with its golden fringe, and that wonderful great eye that crowns the whole. Now, if you please, you may turn to that place in the Bible where peacocks' feathers are mentioned as valuable articles of merchandise.

"But this bird in the picture is not a peacock!" say you. No, this is Mr. Argus Pheasant, a cousin of Mr. Peacock. The ancients pretended that Juno, one of their goddesses, scattered the Argus eyes upon the tail of the peacock; but this magnificent cousin carries them on its wings, and we know that in both cases these marvelous beauties were the gift of our kind and all-wise Creator.

The Argus pheasant is a native of the East Indies, principally of the island of Sumatra. It is about the size of a turkey, and very fleet on foot. Though its wings are so large, they are not fitted for flying, and it seldom rises into the air.

The beautiful and sprightly bird below is the Chinese Pheasant.





ABOUT SHIPS AND COMMERCE.

separated by seas and oceans, is accomplished by ships. Ships sail over the seas; the winds blow upon their sails, and force them along; and the sailors guide them by the rudder. The sailors raise, lower, or turn the sails to catch the winds; and the ship's course is kept right by the mariner's compass, whether land be visible or not, by day or by night. Many

thousands of American vessels are constantly employed in commerce; they generally belong to merchants. Several thousands of foreign vessels also enter the ports of the United States every year. The ports are those towns or cities which have good harbors for the safety of vessels; docks, in which they can receive and discharge their cargoes; and warehouses and vaults, for the safety of the merchandise. The chief ports of the United States are New-York, Boston, New-Bedford, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-Orleans, Portland, &c. The principal ports in Great Britain are London, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Bristol, Southampton, Sunderland, Yarmouth, Falmouth, and Dover; Leith, Greenock, and Aberdeen; Dublin, Cork, Londonderry, and Galway.

The deck of a ship is that part where the sailors walk about. The cargo is carried in the large, roomy part under the deck. A ship has generally three masts; a vessel with two masts is a brig or a schooner; a sloop has only one mast. All ships carry a large iron instrument called an anchor, which is fastened to a cable of chain or rope, and dropped to the bottom of the sea, to prevent the ship being driven about by the wind or waves. Steamships are provided with engines and machinery for propelling them; they are also generally provided with sails. The commander of a vessel is called the captain.

THE WOODPECKER.



he wood I was reared in was a pleasant one, and my mother always spoke much in praise of poplars; but, on the whole, I am sure I have done wisely in traveling so far, and fixing my abode at last here, where we are not overdone with woodpeckers. and where there are plenty of old trees which seem almost to ask for my aid in clearing them of the insects that are

devouring them. There seems no reason why my mate and I should not rear up a fine brood of young ones here; and I hope the owner of the wood will thank me for the favor I am doing him.

Stay! while I am waiting, I may as well try what sort of sound I can draw from some of these other trees; for we must remember our young ones will wish to establish themselves another year. (Tap!) that won't do! the wood is as sound as possible. I must leave that for ages to come. Let me try this beech—(TAP! TAP!) that is better; perhaps it may be a great grandchild's portion. I do not think it will be ready, however, these ten years. That pollard ash; (TAP!) much better; it has really a very pretty hollow sound; it will do in less time; in two or three summers, perhaps, it will be no very tough job to scoop a hole in it big enough for a nest for my grandchildren. Meantime it will furnish me with many a meal. I can see that there are myriads of insects just under the bark, and plenty of work going on in the branches. But that old elm yonder; really that is a most delightful tree. No occasion for me to try it now; I sounded it in three places yesterday, and they all gave out charming music. How my children will bless me, by and by, for having chosen them such a place as this! Why, it is a legacy for ages! Woodpeckers after woodpeckers may live and die here, and enjoy domestic happiness with the least possible trouble.

And here, at last, is my mate: how very handsome he is! Such a rich glossy green; such a brilliant red crown; and such bright yellow feathers toward the tail! and then such a beak as that is a fortune to a bird; it is meat, drink, and habitation. His little joyous cry, too, what a pleasant sound it is!

If any one wishes to see my nest, it is not very difficult to reach. I have taken care to scoop out the hole pretty deep,

and to open it under a bough, so that not every idle school-boy may see it; but those who are really curious, and do not wish to harm me, may look in. I must just tell you, however, that we have a clever, quick way of playing bopeep with a passerby: we glide round the tree so as always to be on the opposite side to the observer; and then, as we carry no moss, or feathers, or other material for the lining of our nests, there is nothing to betray us: we merely make the hole, and lay our eggs on the soft, powdery bark. Four or five of them there generally are; and when our young come out, they live on the tree for some time before they attempt to fly any further.

We are capital at catching ants; and here I must tell you that our tongue is as useful to us as our bills. It is six inches long, and barbed, so that it draws out the larger insects as with a hook; and it is supplied with a sticky, glutinous fluid at the tip, so that the smaller ones are caught upon it as with bird-lime. If you could watch us when feeding, you would be astonished at the quantity of insects we thus catch and devour. We are enabled to support ourselves on the trunks of upright trees by means of our short, strong legs, and hooked claws. Indeed, our feet are so remarkably fitted for the purpose, that I should like to give any one a particular lesson on the subject, who has time and patience to attend to me. "See here!" I would say, "this foot of mine is yoke-toed:" that is, two of its toes are turned back, and two forward, and the two front are yoked together at the place where the leg ends and the foot begins. Thus I am able to walk up a branch, while my strong, stiff tail serves me as a support behind; but I cannot come down

very cleverly: I am obliged to come backward; and though I stand and peg at the hole in the tree very safely, I am not equal to my neighbors Nut-hatch and Tree-creeper, in running over it just where they please. I dare say they will tell their stories; for, indeed, they have much to tell of their life in the forest; but for myself, I cannot take leave without introducing you to a giant of my race, who lives in the woods of America. I myself, the green woodpecker, or Picus viridis, am thirteen inches long; but he, the ivory-billed woodpecker, who is also called Picus principalis, is twenty; and his beak is an inch broad at the base, of the color and hardness of ivory, and half an inch of the tongue is as hard as horn, flat, and pointed, and barbed. He is the prince of our people, by all accounts, and chooses royal palaces for his dwelling. No common tree will content my cousin Picus principalis; no common forest. The cypress swamps, where enormous trees rear their lofty heads to heaven, are his favorite abodes. There he is a grand performer. Hour after hour his loud double-drum is sounding; and if you can make your way through the underwood, and do not lose yourself among the thick, twisted rhododendrons and hemlocks, you will have no difficulty in seeing where he has been. There, I am told, you will find cart-loads of bark lying under the pines, enough to make you think a dozen woodmen had been at work. No; none but the woodpecker: you may gaze at the trees in wonder and dismay. At first you can think no otherwise than that he is a reckless wretch, worthy of nothing but punishment. It is not so: thousands of towering pines would be laid low in one season by one insect if it were not for him. The enemy

"lodges between the bark and the tender wood, and drinks up the very vital part of the tree:" and you would see more of them standing without bark or leaf, a miserable spectacle in the space of a few months, if it were not for the woodpecker. Such a surgeon as he is! no gentle glancing over the surface of a diseased part; but deep, deep cutting and probing.

I could also tell you of my other American cousins. They are not so large as the ivory-billed bird, but as spirited. Some of them are less in repute among the farmers, because they attack the Indian corn; and one of the race is a great devourer of apples; a most unfair one too, since he is the daintiest fellow that can be, and is sure to single out the best tree and the finest fruit. Well, nobody can say this of me. I trouble no one; and if any man grudges me an old tree or two in the wood, I only say that I wish he may never be in want himself of a covering over his head and food to eat; and I wish that he would walk into the woods with the pleasant and simple feeling of a child, and then I think he would be all the happier for seeing the happiness of our race.



EASTERN POTTERS.

ture of pottery. Specimens of jars, vases, and cups are to be seen in most museums. From the paintings found in their tombs, it appears that the potter's wheel was of stone, placed horizontally, and fixed on the top of a stake, the lower part of which descended into a pit about two feet in depth. In this pit the workman stood; with his feet he turned the wheel, while his hands fashioned the clay into shape. The clay had been previously tempered by treading it with the feet. It is

worthy of observation, that the same mode of making pottery still exists in Egypt and India.

"I hardly ever passed a Hindoo's hut," says Captain Basil Hall, in his Fragments of Voyages, "before which a swarthy turbaned inhabitant of the East was whirling round the potter's wheel, without having my thoughts carried back to some of those beautiful narrations of Scripture, which fastened themselves so early and so firmly upon my mind. I had once the good fortune, as I must consider it, to see a workman accidentally break a pot, which it had cost him no small trouble to fashion. He immediately collected the fragments, dabbed the clay together again, and with great industry set about the reconstruction of the vessel. As the whole process recalled an illustration I remembered to have seen used somewhere in the Old Testament, I sought out the passage, and was delighted to find what I had just witnessed described in Jeremiah xviii, 1-6.

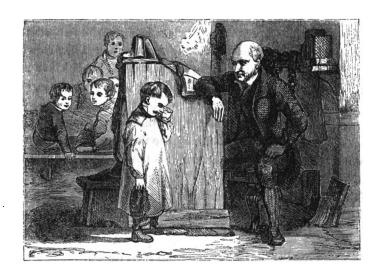
"'The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel."

On this passage it has been well observed: "Jeremiah doubtless knew how the potter wrought his work, and how

easily he threw it into what form he pleased; but he must go and observe it now, that, having the idea fresh in his mind, he might the more readily and distinctly apprehend the truth God thereby designed to represent to him. He there was taught, God's authority and power to form and fashion kingdoms as he pleases. One turn of the wheel alters the shape of the clay, makes it a vessel, unmakes it, or again new-makes it. Thus are our times in his hand. If the potter's vessel be marred for one use, it shall serve for another. God will not be a loser by any in his glory."



ARABS OF THE DESERT.



BOYS AT SCHOOL.

and my teachers, very much indeed. I think my teachers loved me in return, for I do not remember that I was ever punished at school in my life. No doubt I often deserved it; and I can account for my escape from the rod on no other grounds than that I was somewhat of a favorite with my teachers.

Schoolmasters were apt to be quite strict in the days when I was young. They ruled their boy-empires with the rod, which they were apt to "lay on" with very little mercy.

The picture on the preceding page represents one of those ancient schoolmasters. He is giving a severe "talk" to that loitering urchin, who, with cap in hand and tearful eye, stands trembling in expectation that the master's words will be followed by a vigorous application of the sharp stinging "birch," or the little less pungent "cane." Foolish boy! his weeping comes too late. He ought to have hurried to school, instead of attempting to play the part of a truant, by idling away his time in the fields and woods. How much happier those more prompt and studious scholars look than he with his bowed head and tearful eye!

There is a beautiful description of the village school in a well-known poem, by Oliver Goldsmith, called, "The Deserted Village." I will quote a few lines from it:

"Beside you straggling fence, that skirts the way With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay, There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, The village master taught his little school. A man severe he was, and stern to view; I knew him well, and every truant knew: Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace The day's disaster in his morning face. Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd. Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault. The village all declared how much he knew: 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too; Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And e'en the story ran that he could guage!

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill, For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still; While words of learned length and thund'ring sound, Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around. And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew."



So much for the schoolmaster of the olden time. Our artist in the second picture has tried to depict his scholars during his pleasant moods. See how gay they are! How free from thought of rod, book, or lesson! Even the dunce has forgotten that his head is adorned with the "fool's cap." All are joyous but the poor fellow on the left. He can't be glad anyhow, for he has the toothache. I can forgive him for not laughing with the others, for even I can't laugh when I've got the toothache. Did you ever know anybody who could?

But see, the scene changes! The schoolmaster has a fit of ill-humor on him, and the scholars know it. How sober they look in picture three! The teacher's ill-humor has acted

like vinegar upon them. It has soured all their joy, and made their glad round faces long and sorrowful. Even the "dunce" feels it; and young Toothache has sharper pangs in his gums. Those two whisperers in the middle had better keep a bright look-out, or they will dine on birch instead of apple dumplings.



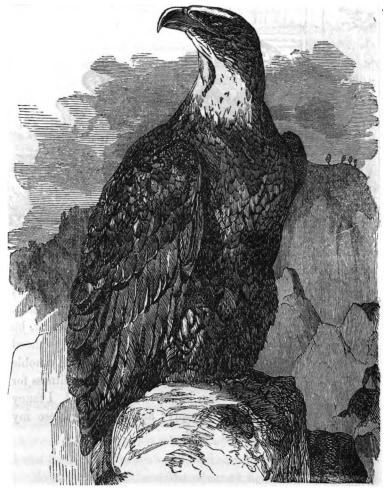
Only let their moody teacher catch a glimpse of them, and he will vent his spleen on their smarting backs.

But "school's out" in the picture on the next page. They are now "playful children just let loose from school." Books, hard lessons, the master's ill-temper, are all forgotten. The joy of innocent sports fills their hearts. O, happy childhood! I could almost wish myself a boy again, that I might take the pleasure that lively fellow feels who bears his younger brother on his back. Indeed, I would not object to share the half-mischievous glee of the lad with the uplifted satchel. But, alas! I can be a boy no more—and, on the whole, I don't wish to be.

Boys, you are in the midst of sunny hours. You have better schools, better books, better teachers, than the boys of the



olden time. You ought, therefore, to be better boys than they were. You enjoy golden opportunities. Once gone, they will never return. You can be boys but once in your lives. Don't fail, then, to improve the precious moments of your boy-life. Don't waste them in idleness and folly; but be diligent, be studious, be obedient, be pious. Then will your boyhood blossom into beautiful youth; your youth will produce a noble manhood; and your manhood ripen into a glorious fitness for eternal life. What do you say, boys? Shall it be so? I fancy I hear your lusty "AYES" in reply; and therefore close my article with gladness in my heart.



THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

THE EAGLE.

the king of birds; and by the ancient Romans and Persians, as well as by France and our own country, he has been selected as the national symbol. The impression on our American coins seems to have been designed for the head of what is known as the imperial eagle. Other varieties of the eagle are distinguished as the Golden, the White-headed, the Wedge-tailed, the Caracara, and several others.

The White-headed Sea Eagle, of which we give a representation, is seldom seen in Europe, but is found in all parts of North America. He seems to be fond of the vicinity of cataracts, great numbers being seen frequently about the Falls of Niagara. He is a terror to other birds, upon which he preys, but he also sometimes attacks serpents and other reptiles.

One of the saddest stories we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, whom his mother one bright morning dressed in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play.

He had scarcely stepped from the door of the Swiss cottage, when an enormous eagle snatched him from the earth, and bore him high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In destroying the child the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and, whenever the wind blew, it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!





THE CABIN BOY AND HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.

school boy, about eleven years of age, who was the only child of his widowed mother, and being her only child, was her only comfort. This boy was very fond of going to the wharf, and watching the various vessels to be seen there. Soon he began to be very desirous of becoming a sailor, and told his mother so. Now she had lost her husband by a storm

at sea, and she was naturally unwilling to allow her son to choose the same occupation, lest she should lose him too. She begged him to give up the thought, and he obeyed her for the present; but some time afterward he began again to think a great deal about it, and at last engaged himself as cabin-boy in a vessel which was about to sail.

I cannot but blame him here; if his poor mother was so unwilling that he should be a sailor, he ought to have resolved to give up his wishes to hers, and choose some other way of life. But when she found that he was really engaged to go, she said to him, "Well, my son, if you are resolved to go, accept this parting gift;" and she took her own Bible, kissed it, and gave it to him, saying, "Wherever you may go, my son, in whatever circumstances you may be placed, never part with this book."

He promised her that he never would, and so bade her farewell.

It was not very long after they set sail that a terrible storm came on; the great waves swept over the deck, and seemed to threaten to wash away everything there. The little cabin-boy could be of no use in such a storm, and the captain, thinking that he would be in danger of being washed overboard, lashed him with ropes to the bulwarks. For a long time the poor little fellow heard the voices of the sailors as they shouted to each other, mingling with the howling of the storm; but suddenly he missed the voices of the sailors, and wondered why he did not hear them shouting as before. He listened and wondered a long, long time, till at last morning

broke. When it grew light he looked about him from one end of the vessel to the other, and could see nobody!

By this time the storm had somewhat abated; the sea raged as much as ever, but the wind was not so violent, and presently he ventured to untie himself. He ran into every part of the ship, and called to the captain and the sailors: nobody could be found; nobody answered! And then for the first time he perceived the true state of the case: one of two things, he found, must have happened; either the waves had washed them all off the deck, and he was only saved by being lashed to the bulwarks, or the men had abandoned the ship, thinking it must perish, and had put to sea in the boat, entirely forgetting him; whichever was the case, he never heard anything of them again.

It was a strange and terrible situation for one so young—all alone in that great ship upon the wide ocean; and no doubt at first he felt very much frightened; but he seems to have been a brave boy, for instead of sitting down to cry, he climbed as high as he could to see whether there was any prospect of escape for him; and soon he espied something in the distance which he felt quite sure was land. Now this boy, like most boys in seaport towns, had learned to swim well; and he hoped that the land he could see was not too far off for him to reach by swimming. So, as the storm had now quite ceased, he began to make ready at once. He went down into the cabin, got all the captain's money, and buttoned it up tight inside of his rough jacket; it was quite a large parcel, and he felt very proud of it.

Then he was about to jump overboard at once, but suddenly he recollected his mother's Bible, and his promise to her that he would never part with it; so he went down again and fetched it from his box, put it inside his jacket, and, being now quite ready, jumped into the sea and began to swim. He got on very well for a little while, but soon he began to think he ought to be making more progress, and that something was bearing him down. "Ah!" said he, "it is my mother's Bible! I cannot swim with it; I must throw it away." And with one hand he unfastened his jacket, took out the book, and threw it away.

But it was no better then; there was still an encumbrance somewhere, it was plain; and now he thought what it really was. "Now I know," said he; "it is the captain's money that has overloaded me so; I will throw it away!"

And he did as before: while with one hand he still kept on swimming, with the other he unbuttoned his jacket, took out the money, and threw it away. Then he began to wish that he had not broken his promise to his mother, and to think how sorry he was that he had been so foolish as to throw the Bible away. And as he was thinking in this way he turned his head to try whether he could see it, and just at that moment it floated close by; he seized it joyfully, and put it again safely within his jacket. He still kept on swimming with all his might, and soon a great wave came and carried him right up on the land.

When he had looked about a little, he found that he was on an island; only a small one, and quite uninhabited. No

human beings were there, nor any houses; and he could see nothing fit to eat. So he seemed not to be much better off than on board the ship, but he tied his handkerchief to a tall pole, hoping that some ship might pass, and that it might be noticed. Then he sat down, and took out his mother's Bible to read; and the first words that met his eyes were these: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." Psalm ii, 12.

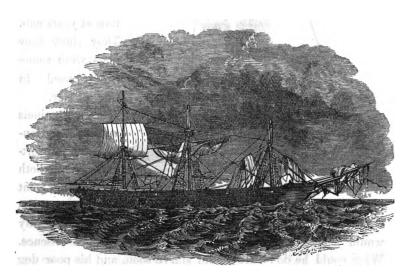
As he read, he thought of the explanation of this verse which he had heard in the Sunday school, that the Son means Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and that those who do not "kiss" him, that is, make friends with him and be at peace with him, those who will not come to him and accept his gracious love, will have to endure his dreadful anger forever. And as he thought of this he felt very unhappy; for he knew that God was angry with him, because he had never put his trust in Jesus; and in his distress he kneeled down and prayed to God that he would forgive him and be his Father and Friend, now that he had no other friend. Then he took up his mother's Bible, and read some of the passages where God promises to answer prayer, and he felt sure that God had heard his prayer. And now he was much happier than he had ever been before, though he was alone on a desert island in the midst of the vast ocean. But he had not long to wait there, for the next day a ship passed; his flag was observed, and the poor boy was put on board and brought safe to England. The last thing I heard of him was, that he was seen

standing outside a chapel in Bristol, with his mother's Bible in his hand, waiting to go in and join in the worship of God.

Now there are four things that you would do well to learn and remember from this little story.

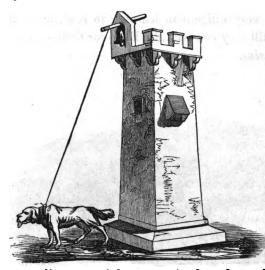
- 1. That God is everywhere. Our little cabin-boy found him, when no one else was near, on a desert island, where there were no men, no towns nor villages, no houses to be seen; and we should remember that he is always near, on the sea as well as the land, in the dark as well as the light, when we think there is no one near as well as when we are met together in his house to praise him. Let us always remember that God is everywhere.
- 2. God hears and answers the prayers of children. The cabin-boy I have told you of was only about eleven years old, and you see that God heard his prayer; and so he will hear yours, even the youngest of you. It should make us very glad and thankful to remember, that God hears and answers the prayers of little children.
- 8. What a blessed thing it is to possess the Bible! If this boy had not had his mother's Bible with him, he would not have been able to read of the love of Jesus to him, and perhaps would not have thought of him at all. It is the Bible alone that tells us how to become holy and happy. Many of you, no doubt, have a Bible of your own. I hope that those who have not will try very hard to get one. Remember that it is a happy thing to possess the Bible.
- 4. What a good thing it is to be able to read the Bible! Of course it is of very little use to have a Bible unless you are

able to read it. It would have been of no use for our little cabin-boy to carry his mother's Bible with him to the desert island, if he could not have *read* it there. Most of you, doubtless, are able to read the Bible; I hope that those who cannot yet do so will be very diligent in learning to read, and will never be content till they can read the Bible for themselves.— Bible-Class Magazine.



SHIP IN DISTRESS.

DOG SOLDIERS.



of which the cuts in this article are copies, were made hundreds of years ago. They show how dogs were sometimes used in time of war.

Two sentinels were once stationed in an old fortress. While both

were alive, one of them remained on duty while the other went to get food and drink. But soon one of them died, and the other did not dare to leave the post alone, for fear the enemy would find it out and take possession of it in his absence. What could he do? He would starve soon, and his poor dog was already half starved.

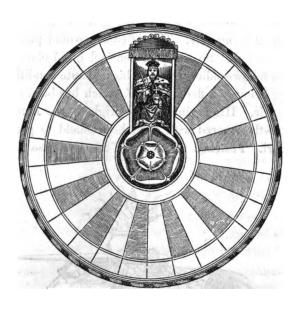
Suddenly a new idea struck him. There was an old bell in the tower. If he could make his dog ring that bell while he was gone, the enemy would not suspect his absence. So he tied one end of the rope to the bell and the other to the collar of the

dog, and then put down his last piece of bread, just out of the animal's reach, so that the poor thing would keep trying to get it without being able. This, of course, would pull the rope and ring the bell. So the poor sentinel got a chance to run and let his fellow-soldiers know of his destitute condition.

The dog below is a fierce mastiff, which has been trained to go into battle. His business is to frighten the horses. His body is mostly covered with a leathern shield to prevent his getting hurt. Fastened to the top of this is a vase filled with



something that will burn fiercely. Horses are afraid of fire, and, besides the bayonet over the dog's head, he is taught to fly at and bite them ferociously. In this way a few of these dogs, well trained, will put to flight a large number of high-spirited horses, and perhaps secure the victory.



KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

ttt is at Winchester, the ancient capital of England, a curious old establishment, called the Hospital of Saint Cross.

It was founded about seven hundred years ago. The original institution required that thirteen poor men, who could not support themselves, should constantly abide in the hospital, and have allowances suited to their wants. Besides these thirteen, a hundred other poor persons, of modest behavior, and the

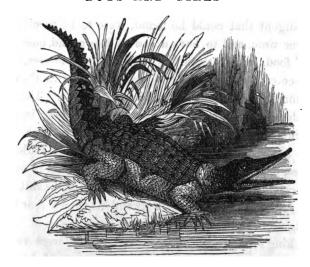
most indigent that could be found, were to be received daily at dinner time, and to have a loaf of bread and one mess, or dish, of food, (the thirteen having each three messes,) and an allowance of beer, with leave to carry away with them whatever remained of their meat and drink after dinner. The founder also ordered charities to be distributed to the poor in general, as the revenues of the hospital should be able to bear.

It is not so much our purpose to describe the buildings of St. Cross, or to give its history, as to mention that in one of its rooms, called the Hall of the Castle, there is still exhibited the famous round table of King Arthur and his twenty-four knights. The origin of the table is said to have been this:

The king's barons, in those old rude times, were very boisterous, and were given to disputes and quarrels about precedence, or who should be greatest, and sit nearest the king at his feasts.

The king, in order to reconcile them, and place them on as nearly equal footing as possible, had a circular table made, sufficiently large to give each one a place on the outside of the circle, where he might, if he chose, imagine himself at the head, and the king at the side or at the foot. It is to be hoped that this device prevented further quarreling. The king's place is indicated in the picture, the name of a knight having been inscribed in each of the other compartments. It is supposed that the painting and lettering were done as late as the time of Henry VIII.

The table is perforated with many bullet holes, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers.



THE CROCODILE.

A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT ONES TOO. BY MES. J. L. GRAT.

On the banks of the fertile and many-mouth'd Nile, A long time ago, lived a fierce crocodile, Who round him was spreading a vast desolation, For bloodshed and death seem'd his chief occupation.

'Twas easy to see

No pity had he;

His tears were but water, there all could agree.

The sheep he devour'd, and the shepherd, I ween; The herd fear'd to graze in the pastures so green; And the farmer himself, should he happen to meet him, The monster ne'er scrupled a moment to eat him.

There never before
Was panic so sore,
On the banks of the Nile, as this creature spread o'er.

Wherever he went, all were flying before him, Though some, in their blindness, thought fit to adore him; But as they came near, each his suit to prefer, This god made a meal of his base worshiper.

> By day and by night, It was his delight

His votaries to eat: it was serving them right.

Grown proud of his prowess, puff'd up with success, The reptile must travel: how could he do less? So, one fine summer morning, he set out by water, On a pleasure excursion—his pleasure was slaughter!—

To Tentyra's isle, To visit a while,

The careless inhabitants there to beguile.

The men of Tentyra were able before
To conquer each monster that came to their shore;
But now they, with horror, were fain to confess
That the crocodile gave them no little distress.

So in great consternation,
A grand consultation
Was call'd to convene, of the heads of the nation.

They met; but, alas! such the terror and fright, They fail'd to distinguish the wrong from the right; When, just at this crisis, an Ichneumon small

Stepp'd forth on the platform, in front of them all,
With modesty winning
To give his opinion

Of measures and means to secure the dominion.

"Grave sirs," said he, bowing, "I see your distress, And your griefs are, I fear me, past present redress; Yet still, if to listen should be your good pleasure, I think I can help you, at least in a measure:

For 'tis my impression,
A little discretion

Than valor itself is a far greater blessing.

"No doubt, 'tis a noble and great undertaking, Great war on a mighty great foe to be making; But still, I assure you, 'tis better by far Not to let this great foe become mighty for war.

While the crocodile lies
In an egg of small size,
To crush him at once you should never despise.

"You see me before you, a poor, feeble creature; Yet I cope with this monster, for such is my nature. And while you have met here in grand consultation, This one crocodile to expel from the nation,

I thought it a treat
For breakfast to eat
A dozen or more, which I happen'd to meet."

And now that my fable is pretty near ended,
I think there should be a brief moral appended:
Beware how you let evil habits grow up.
While feeble and young, you to crush them may hope;
But let them remain
Till strength they attain,
You may find your best efforts to conquer them vain.



THE ITALIAN CHESTNUT-MAN.

in Italy and France, a large species of chest-nut, which is eaten roasted. In all the cities, during the autumn and winter, persons are employed in the streets, and in shops near the streets, in roasting and selling these nuts.

They first cut the shells with a knife, and then lay them on a pan heated with coals. When the chest-



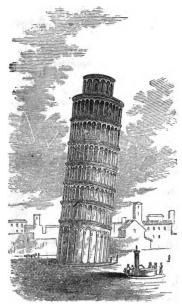
nuts are roasted, their taste is not unlike that of the sweet potato. The object of the seller is, to keep them warm until

they are sold. Hence, his roasted nuts are sometimes covered up in a bag or cloth.

Our picture represents the castanhero, or chestnut-man, of Naples.

The saddest thought connected with him is, that probably neither he nor one of a thousand of his customers ever read the Bible, or heard of the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ.

He and his countrymen, although supposing themselves to be Christians, are ignorant of the very first elements of revealed truth.



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

ABOUT RABBITS AND HARES.

his rabbits, of which he appears to be very fond. I don't blame him for loving them: rabbits are very pretty and amusing animals. Perhaps you would like to know something about them in their natural state.

Rabbits dig deep holes in the ground for their houses. These holes are called burrows. In places where rabbits are numerous, you may see innumerable holes



leading to these burrows. Such spots are usually called rabbit warrens.

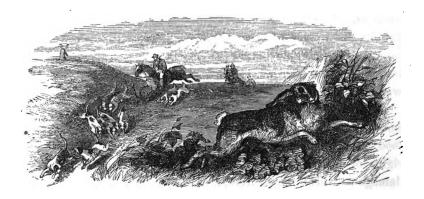
Rabbits are great keepers at home during the daytime; but at night they quit their holes and go abroad in search of food. I am sorry to say they are not very careful about the rights of farmers. They are great thieves. They do much damage to wheat, young trees, and garden plants.

For this cause, farmers and gardeners are the enemies of the rabbit. They seek to kill him with guns, traps, and every other means in their power. When he is caught, his flesh is used for food, and his skin is made into various articles of wearing apparel.

The Bible says of certain animals, which are very similar to rabbits, that they are "a feeble folk, yet make their houses in the rocks." Now, if you are not familiar enough with the Scriptures to know their names, I wish you to get your Bible and learn what they are called.

There is another animal which resembles the rabbit in many respects. It is called the hare. The hare does not burrow in the earth. It makes its bed on the ground, where it too remains during the day, but gets up at night to seek its food. When it is injured in any way, it always returns to its bed, if able. Hence the saying, "The wounded hare goes home to die."

It is a favorite sport with many, especially in England, to



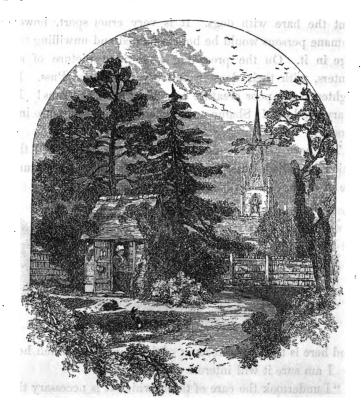
hunt the hare with dogs. It is very cruel sport, however. Humane persons would be both ashamed and unwilling to engage in it. On the preceding page is a picture of some hunters, with their dogs in full cry after poor Puss. How frightened the poor creature is! How hard she runs! How weary she looks! Shame on the men who find pleasure in her pursuit!

The hare can be tamed. The poet Cowper tamed three, which he called Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Here is a picture of one of them.



And here is the poet's account of the manner in which he did it. I am sure it will interest you. He says:

"I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them: Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.



"Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms; and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they

might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick,) and, by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar



occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine. sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favorite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away; and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was always more happy in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

"Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way: even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

"Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and con-

fidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening, the



cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

"I describe these animals as having each a character of his

Such they were, in fact; and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares; and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burned in the carpet, it was mended with a patch; and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favorites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them, but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once: his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with

a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

"Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance; a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it. They eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

"May 28, 1784."

Memorandum, found among Mr. Cowper's papers:

"Tuesday, March 9, 1786.—This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years, eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain."



THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

haras b, king of Egypt, as you know, children, once ordered the Jews to cast every boy that should be born among them into the River Nile.

This cruel edict must needs be very afflicting to the Hebrew parents, and put them upon many a thoughtful contrivance to preserve their infants, of which an instance soon followed; for one Amram, of the house of Levi, having married a daughter of the same family, named Jochebed, had a daughter, whose name was Miriam, and four years after a son, whom they called Aaron. About three years after Aaron's birth Moses was born; and he, being a child of most elegant beauty, something supernatural and divine appearing in his form, his mother was more solicitous for his preservation.

Having kept him concealed in her house three months, but not being able any longer to hide him, and fearing he might fall into the hands of those that were appointed to drown the male children, she contrived a way to save him, by making a little boat of bulrushes, which she daubed with pitch and slime, to keep the water out; and putting the child into it, she laid it among the flags, by the river side, and set his sister Miriam at a distance to observe what became of him.

But the providence of God soon interposed in behalf of the helpless infant; for Thermuthis, Pharaoh's only daughter, coming to the river to bathe herself, her maids discovered the boat with the child in it, which Thermuthis commanding them to bring to her, she no sooner uncovered the child but it made its mournful complaint to her in a flood of tears.

This unexpected accident, and the extraordinary beauty of the child, moved the Egyptian princess with compassion, which she expressed in an accent of pity, saying to this effect, "This is some Hebrew child, which the parents have hid to preserve him from the king's cruel edict."

By this time Miriam, the child's sister, had thrust herself in among the attendants of the princess; and observing with what tenderness she looked upon the child, very officiously offered her services to procure a Hebrew nurse for him, which the princess accepted, and the girl hastened away to her mother, and brought her to the place, where she received the child from the princess, who engaged to pay her for her care.

No doubt this was a welcome bargain to the mother, who, taking the child home with her, durst now nurse it openly, having a royal protection for his security.

When he was grown big enough his mother brought him to court to show him to the princess, and satisfy her how he had improved under her care. The princess grew so fond of him that she adopted him for her son; and in remembrance that she had drawn him out of the water, she called his name Moses. To accomplish him the more, she keeps him at court, where he is instructed in all the learning and discipline used among the Egyptians, both civil and military, and in all things requisite and becoming the character and quality of a prince of the blood.



MOSES GOING TO COURT.

Moses, being forty years old, left the court and went to see his brethren; and when he reflected on the oppression they labored under, it affected him with compassion and indignation to see the servants of the most high God subjected to a servitude exceeding that of brutes. This was soon increased by an opportunity that just then offered, which was an Egyp tian striking a Hebrew. This inflamed Moses's zeal, who, looking about to see whether any man was within sight, chastised the Egyptian, making him expiate his barbarity to the injured Hebrew with his blood; and afterward buried him in the sand, supposing, by his taking upon him thus to administer justice, that his brethren would have understood that God by his hand would have delivered them; but they understood him However, the next day he went out, and showed himself among them again; and finding two men of the Hebrews quarreling, he endeavored to reconcile them, putting them in mind that they were brethren; and with some smartness reprehending the aggressor, he demanded for what reason he thus attacked the other. The fellow, thrusting him away with disdain, replies: "Who made you a prince and a judge over us? Do you intend to kill me, as you did the Egyptian yesterday?"

Moses was startled at this, and to prevent the fatal consequence that would attend, in reaching the ears of the king, he left Egypt, a circumstance that strongly proves his being immediately under the Divine care; for Pharaoh soon heard of it, but Moses had fled from his dominions into the land of Midian.

In the plains of Midian there was a well common to all the natives of the place to water their cattle. Hitherto Moses

directed his steps, as well to rest himself as allay his thirst; where, while he was refreshing himself, the seven daughters of the prince of Midian (that is, Jethro, who was both priest and prince) came to draw water to fill the troughs to give their sheep; but some churlish shepherds, having a mind to serve their own turns first, came rudely and put the royal shepherdesses by. Moses seeing this, steps in to their relief, and, chastising the shepherds, made them fly.

The frighted damsels returned to the wells, and Moses very officiously assisted them in drawing water for their flocks, after which they took their leave, and hasted home to give their father an account of the generosity of the stranger who had protected them against the insults of the rustics. Jethro hearing their story, and not seeing the person that had thus gallantly defended them, reprehended their ingratitude and incivility, asking what was become of the generous stranger. They told him they left him at the well, whereupon he bid them go and invite him home, where Moses was so pleased with their kind entertainment, that he expressed a willingness to take up his residence with them, and undertake the charge of their sheep. Jethro readily closed with the proposal, and to engage him the more in his interest, bestowed Zipporah, one of his daughters, upon him for a wife.

While Moses continued in Jethro's family, the King of Egypt died; but his successor proved no more favorable to the poor oppressed Hebrews, who changed their oppressor, but not their condition, the miseries of which rather increased than abated. In vain they appeal to the merciless tyrant and his more

cruel taskmasters, who lord it over them with unbounded severity.

But God, who saw the affliction of his people, and whose ears were open to receive their complaints, looked with an eye of compassion upon them; and the appointed time of their deliverance, which he in his secret providence had determined, being near, he began to prepare Moses for it, whom he intended to make use of as an instrument in the great work.

While Moses kept his father-in-law's sheep, he one day led them as far into the desert as Mount Horeb, where the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. Moses was startled at the sight, but that which added to his admiration, and roused his curiosity, was the continuance of the bush unconsumed, notwithstanding it was wholly encompassed with flames.

This extraordinary circumstance made Moses consider it more attentively; he therefore said to himself, I will turn aside and see if I can discover the reason why the bush is in a flame of fire, and yet is not consumed. But the Lord, to prevent his irreverent approaches, and strike the greater awe and sense of the Divine presence into him, called to him out of the bush, and forbade him drawing nearer; and to make him still more sensible of the sacredness of the place, God commanded him not to profane it, but to put off his sandals, for the ground whereon he stood was holy.

Moses being prepared for an awful attention, the Almighty thus discovers himself to him: "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." These words struck

the frighted Moses with such reverence of the Divine Majesty, and fear of the effects of his presumption, that he fell on the ground and covered his face, not daring to look upon the terrible glory.

But the Lord addressed him thus: "I have seen the affliction of my people; I have heard their complaint, and am come down to deliver them out of the hand of their oppressors, and to conduct them to the promised land, a land that floweth with milk and honey; to the place of the Canaanites and Hittites, the Amorites and the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites. And thee have I pitched upon to be the instrument in this great work; therefore be of good courage, for I will send thee to Pharaoh to demand liberty of him for my people the children of Israel."

After some hesitation Moses obeyed and set out for Egypt. The Lord then commanded Aaron, his brother, to go into the wilderness to meet Moses. Aaron obeyed the holy call, and went as far as Mount Horeb, where he met his brother, and embraced him; to whom Moses told all that God had commanded him, and the wonders he was to perform.

The two brothers thus joined in commission, though Moses was sovereign, repaired to Egypt, and summoning the elders of the people together, Aaron delivers the message which the Lord had sent by Moses, and Moses straightway confirmed it, by doing the miracles which God had commanded, in the sight of the people, who thereupon believed, and received them joyfully.

The servants of God thus commissioned, arrive at the court of Pharaoh, and in positive terms demand the release of the Israelites. The haughty tyrant not only denied compliance with their demand, but most impiously arraigned the Divine prerogative, and called in question the existence of the only wise and true God in these presumptuous words: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

Moses and Aaron, to inform him whom they meant by the Lord, replied, "The God of the Hebrews whom we adore, hath commanded us to offer sacrifice to him; therefore we beg leave to go three days' journey into the desert, that we may pay due adoration to our God, lest he punish us for our disobedience, and you much more for hindering us."

The king, incensed at the unusual liberty they took, and looking upon them as incendiaries, sharply reprimanded them, saying, "Why do ye hinder the people from work? Because they are numerous you would incite them to rebel: begone all to your labor, or I will make you sensible of royal displeasure."

The king having thus rudely dismissed Moses and Aaron, gave charge to the taskmasters that they should no more give the people straw to make brick, as they had done before, but make them go gather straw for themselves where they could find it, but yet to lay upon them the same tale of bricks without abatement; for, said he, they are idle, and this is but a pretense to excuse them from their work. The taskmasters acquainted their under officers with this severe injunction, who immediately told it to the people, and they, accordingly, were forced to wander about the country to seek for stubble instead

of straw, the taskmasters, at the same time, exacting from them their usual number of bricks, which, when they were not able to perform, the under officers, who were Israelites, and whom the taskmasters had set over them, were called to account, and beaten.

They, not well knowing from whence this severity proceeded, whether from the edict of the king, or the rigor of the task-masters, complained to the king himself, and laying their grievances before him, in a most humble manner expostulated the matter with him thus: "Why should the king deal so severely with his servants? The taskmasters allow us no straw, and yet demand brick of us, which is impossible to be done; and though they are in fault, yet are we punished."

This just and reasonable desire, instead of redress, met with an addition to the cause of their complaint; the king told them they should have no straw, and yet deliver the full tale of bricks.

This answer gave them much uneasiness, and drove them almost to despair; so that, meeting with Moses and Aaron in the way, as they came from Pharaoh, and looking upon them as the cause of having these heavier burdens laid upon them, they unadvisedly giving way to their present passion, discharged their grief and anger upon them, saying, "The Lord revenge us on you; for ye have made us hateful and abominable in the sight of the king and his subjects, and have given them occasion to oppress us the more."

This reflection grieved the soul of Moses, who expected a more grateful return for his care and concern for them: wherefore retiring from them, he addressed himself to God in this humble expostulation: "Why, O Lord, hast thou thus afflicted this people? For since I spoke to Pharaoh in thy name, he hath treated them with more severity than before; and they are more unlikely to be delivered than ever."

But the Lord again spoke to Moses, and said: "Thou shalt tell him all that I have commanded thee, and ye shall demand of Pharaoh the deliverance of my people. And that thou mayest not be discouraged by a repulse as before, take notice that Pharaoh shall give no credit to what thou sayest, that I may thereby show my power and wonders on him and his people, and deliver the children of Israel by the strength of my hand. For, since Pharaoh hath begun to harden his heart in contemptuously treating me, and abusing my people, I will now permit him to go on in his obstinate humor, that I may exert my power in miraculous operations in the land of Egypt. Therefore, when ye come into Pharaoh's presence, and he shall demand a miracle of you to convince him of the truth of your message, thou shalt direct Aaron to cast his rod on the ground before Pharaoh, and it shall be turned into a serpent."

Pursuant to the Divine command, they appeared before Pharaoh, and delivered their message, which he rejecting, Aaron cast down his rod before the king, in the sight of his servants, and it became a serpent.

To confront this miracle, the king presently sent for his magicians, who, by their enchantments, performed the same that Aaron did by God's immediate power; for, throwing down their rods, they became, in appearance, serpents; but with this

difference, that Aaron's devoured theirs, and resumed its wonted form.

This miracle made no impression on the obstinate tyrant; therefore God resolved to make use of more sensible scourges,



AARON'S ROD BECOMES A SERPENT.

and afflict the Egyptians with such a succession of plagues, as should compel them to dismiss the enslaved Israelites; and having observed to Moses, that Pharaoh's heart was hardened, he bid him take the rod which had been turned into a serpent, and present himself in Pharaoh's view, at his usual time of coming to the banks of the River Nile, giving him this fresh instruction: "Tell him the Almighty God of the Hebrews hath sent thee to him; and though he hath been so obstinate hitherto as to detain the Israelites, their God will afflict him for his perverseness; that he will make him sensible by his judgments, which he will inflict upon him and his people." And to encourage Moses in the execution of his commission, he promised his assistance in the performance of the first miracle, which was turning the water of the river into blood.

Moses, ever attentive to the Divine command, at the time appointed waited the king's coming to the river, and accosted him with the message. The infidel prince, deaf to the call of God by two heavenly missionaries, persisted in his resolution, (so little did the first miracle operate upon him,) and though Moses and Aaron admonished him of the omnipotence of their God, he would not believe them.

Aaron, therefore, receiving the rod from Moses, lifted it up, as God had commanded, and striking the water, it turned into blood, which immediately stagnating, grew so offensive that the fish were suffocated, and the inhabitants, loathing to drink of the waters of the river, were forced to dig for water in new places, to allay their thirst.

Notwithstanding this plague continued upon them for seven



THE WATERS TURNED INTO BLOOD

days, yet Pharaoh was still obstinate; and his hatred to the Israelites inflamed the more, because Moses being known to

have had his education among the Egyptians, the king concluded that all this was performed by magic skill. Wherefore calling for his magicians, he put them upon the same trial, who, taking some of the water which the Egyptians had digged, by their enchantments they made him believe that they turned it to blood.

Although this was but a delusion, yet it convinced Pharach, that what Moses and Aaron had done was not the effect of any supernatural virtue, but a mere trick of art, and thereupon returned resolute to stop the Israelites.

But it pleased God to display repeated miracles before this cruel and obstinate monarch; for as soon as the seven days were expired, Moses, at the command of God, accosted him again, and renewed his instances for the delivery of the Israelites, threatening, upon his refusal, to bring upon the land such a prodigious number of frogs, as should visit him and his subjects in their most private recesses.

Pharaoh, regardless of his threats, defied him; upon which Moses gave Aaron an order to take the rod, and stretch forth his hand with it over the river, which, in an instant, so affected all the waters of Egypt, that, not waiting for the

slow production of nature, the animated streams unburdened themselves upon the land in shoals of frogs, which immediately invaded all parts, infesting even the royal palace with their disagreeable croaking. Now again Pharaoh had recourse to his magicians, who by their mimic power so deluded him, that they made him believe they wrought the same miracle, which hardened him for a while; but the loathsome plague pursuing him and his people wherever they went, he was forced to apply to Moses and Aaron for relief, offering to capitulate with their God upon terms of permission for them to go and sacrifice to him.

Moses demanded the time when this should be put to an issue, and they both agreed upon the next day. Accordingly, Moses addressed himself to God, and the frogs soon died, which the people gathered in heaps, so that the land stunk of them before they could be disposed of.

The impious Pharaoh vainly imagined that the artillery of vengeance was then exhausted, unfaithfully broke his word, and refused to let the Israelites go to serve their God.

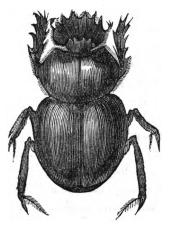
This violation so provoked the Almighty that he resolved to treat the haughty tyrant in a more surprising manner than he had hitherto done; for before, he first denounced his judgments by giving him warning, that he might escape them; but now he would give him no further notice, and therefore commanded Moses to direct Aaron to stretch out his rod, and strike the dust with it, that it might become lice.

Aaron had no sooner obeyed than straightway the animated dust turned into swarms of vermin, which the magicians, who had faintly imitated the former plagues, now attempted in vair. They owned their art outdone, and acknowledged this to be the inimitable work of a Divine hand.

And yet again, notwithstanding the obstinacy of Pharaoh,

who would not in the least hearken to Moses and Aaron, God condescended to give him another summons.

"Rise up," says God to Moses, "early in the morning, and meet Pharaoh as he comes to the river. Tell him, Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go, that they may serve me, or I will send swarms of flies and beetles upon thee and thy people, which shall fill their houses, and cover the face of the earth. And that thou mayest know that this is brought as a judgment upon thee and thy subjects, for oppressing my people, I will, on that day, separate the land of Goshen, in which my servants dwell, from the rest of Egypt, that the flies shall not molest them."



THE BEETLE.

Accordingly, upon Pharaoh's obstinately persisting to detain the Israelites in slavery, the next day clouds of swarming insects filled the air, which in numberless troops descended to the earth, and with their sullen and unusual noise surprised and affrighted the wretched inhabitants.

The magicians with confusion looked upon this direful plague, and no more pretended to offer at any imitation. A general hor-

ror filled the towns and fields, and all the country echoed with the cries of tortured men and cattle.

Pharaoh, not able to endure this plague, called presently for

Moses and Aaron, and in a sullen, discontented tone bade them go and sacrifice to their God, but not beyond the bounds of Egypt.

Moses, desirous of convincing rather than inflaming the infidel prince, discreetly answered, "We cannot sacrifice to our God in this land, for that would be an affront to the Egyptians, and they will be revenged on us: permit us, therefore, to avoid their resentment, by going three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice to our God, as he hath commanded us."

"If nothing else will serve you," said Pharaoh, "but to go into the desert, I will let you go, but not far; and in return for this favor entreat your God to remove this plague."

Moses promised to intercede for him; and being gone from his presence, addressed himself to God to remove the plague of flies. His prayers were heard, and the insects took their flight. But the plagues were no sooner removed, than the tyrant resumed his former obstinacy, nor would even yet suffer the Israelites to worship the Lord their God in the way and manner he had directed them.

Upon this, God sent Moses again to Pharaoh with this message: "Thus saith the God of the Hebrews, Let my people go that they may serve me, or be assured I will visit all thy cattle that are in the field with a grievous murrain; and to make thee still more sensible of my omnipotence, I will, by a wonderful distinction, preserve the cattle of my people, while I destroy those of the Egyptians."

The awful threatening was most severely executed the very next day, through the obstinacy of the king. The generous horse loathed his full manger and loved pastures, and sunk under his rider; the ass and camel could no longer support their burdens, or their own weight; the laboring ox dropped down dead before the plow; the harmless sheep died bleating, and the faithful dogs lay gasping by them.

Notwithstanding this horrid spectacle, Pharaoh continued his former temper, resolved still to brave Heaven with his impious perverseness; and, remembering what Moses had said of the preservation of the Israelites' cattle, he sent to Goshen to learn how it had fared with them, and was assured there was not one of the cattle of the Israelites dead; by which he might have seen that this was no casualty, but a direct judgment upon him, exactly answering the Divine prediction. Notwithstanding this he continued in his former resolution, not to let the Israelites go.

As all these means proved ineffectual to soften the obdurate heart of this impious monarch, the Almighty determined to surprise him with a plague, without giving him any warning, and immediately commanded Moses and Aaron to take handfuls of ashes from the furnace, and before Pharaoh's face to throw them in the air.

The ashes soon spread the dire contagion, and the tainted air infected the Egyptians' blood with its poisonous influence; which appeared upon their skin in swelling scabs and ulcers, and their whole constitution became a noisome spring of sores. This plague was so torturing that the magicians, who possibly once more would have tried their skill to see if they could regain their credit, were not able to stand before Moses, for it

affected them as well as the rest of the Egyptians. So heedless as well as impious was Pharaoh, that even the plague of sores and the threat of a fearful storm could not induce him to preserve himself or his people.

The time appointed being come, Moses waved his wand in the air, which soon began to murmur in imperfect sounds, till full-charged clouds, with impetuous force, burst and discharged themselves in such terrible peals of thunder, as shook the whole frame of nature. This was succeeded by a stony shower of monstrous hail, such as winter never yet produced, which covered the ground with the scattered ruins of trees and houses, and the dead bodies of men and beasts.

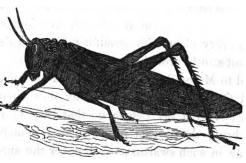
Nor did the Divine vengeance stop here; the heavens became a body of liquid fire, which, darting on the ground, glided over the waters, and filled every place with dreadful horror. This shocked the tyrant, but still he would not let the people go.

Then the Lord said to Moses, "Go to Pharaoh, and tell him, Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, Why dost thou persist in thy obstinacy? Let my people go that they may serve me, or I will bring the locusts into thy land to-morrow, which shall come in such swarms as shall cover the surface of the earth, and devour all the products of it that have escaped the former plagues."

Having thus delivered the will of the Almighty, his servant Moses retired, which the courtiers perceiving, and fearing he was gone to call down more plagues upon them, very roughly accosted their king, desiring him to let the Israelites go to serve their God, lest he destroy them all for his obstinacy.

Their importunity prevailed more than God's threats and judgments; therefore, sending for Moses and Aaron, he told them they might go and serve their God; but only the men, not women or children. Moses insisted upon all the Israelites going, young and old, sons and daughters; nay, and their flocks and herds: "For we must hold a feast," says he, "to the mighty Jehovah, and all must be at it." This put Pharaoh out of temper, for he looked upon this demand as very insolent; therefore he bade them look to it, and consider well what they insisted on, and in a very threatening manner dismissed them.

Moses being again repulsed, by the Divine command stretched out his hand with the rod in it, and immediately a



THE LOCUST.

scorching hot wind blew all that day and the night following, which by next morning brought endless legions of devouring locusts, which left the earth as naked and depopu-

lated as if the northern storms of winter had invaded it. The happy product of the fertile Nile, and all that bountiful nature afforded, were carried off by these airy pillagers. Pharaoh began to be a little more sensibly touched with this plague than any of the former; for he plainly foresaw that the destruction of the fruits of the earth must, in time, prove the destruction

tion of man and beast; therefore, calling hastily for Moses and Aaron, he in a more suppliant manner than usual addressed himself to them: "I have indeed offended Jehovah, your God, in refusing to obey his command, and you, in breaking my word so often with you; forgive me this offense, and entreat your God to avert this judgment, that I and my people perish not by devouring famine."

Moses answered his request, and once more compassionating the case of the justly afflicted king, besought the Almighty in his behalf, and the locusts were driven by force of a westerly wind into the Red Sea.

This plague thus removed, Pharaoh returned to his former obstinacy and contempt of God's commands, and refused to let the Israelites go.

All these methods proving ineffectual to reduce Pharach to obedience to the Divine command, God bade Moses stretch forth his hand toward heaven, that there might be darkness over the land of Egypt so thick that it might be felt.

Moses obeyed the heavenly command, and immediately such solid clouds of darkness invaded the sky, that nature at once seemed to be involved in one dreadful eclipse; the sun no longer encouraged the lower world with his cheerful beams; the moon, with the stars, no more illuminated the darkened air; and all things put on the dismal aspect of death, as if nature were returning to her original chaos.

This scene of horror lasted for three days, which so affected the haughty king, that though he had long stood immovable against the threatenings and judgments of God, yet now, fearing a universal dissolution, and frighted at the continual terrors of this long night, he began to relent a little, and calling for Moses, said to him, "Ye may go with your little ones, and serve the Lord; but for my security, I would have you leave your flocks and herds behind you."

As this was not absolutely consistent with the Divine command, Moses would not deign to accept it, assuring him that it was the express command of their God to remove with all their substance; and that they knew not in what manner they were to offer sacrifice to their God till they came to the wilderness.

The haughty tyrant, incensed at his non-compliance with what he himself esteemed a very great indulgence, commanded him to be gone; and assured him that if he ever appeared before him again, it should cost him his life.

Moses took him at his word, and promised never more to see his face; but before he left his presence, he denounced this judgment against him: "Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I enter Egypt, and all the first-born of the land shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that should succeed him in the throne, to the first-born of the servant in the mill; and all the first-born of beasts shall die."

Having thus delivered his last message to the king of Egypt with a more than usual warmth of zeal, he took his leave.

As the chosen people of God were not only oppressed in their persons, but also in their property, by the tyranny of the Egyptians, it pleased the Lord to encourage his servant Moses to support them in their deliverance from bondage, to promise them favor with their former oppressors, and instruct him to borrow of them their most valuable commodities.

It was on the fourteenth day of the first month that Moses took his leave of Pharaoh; and God, having determined his people's deliverance at this time, had instituted the passover some days before, and given direction to Moses how it should be observed.

These precautions being taken in obedience to the Divine command, for the preservation of the Israelites, at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh to the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of the cattle were smitten, as the Lord had that morning denounced to Pharaoh and Moses.

This severe stroke of Divine vengeance at length alarmed the obdurate Pharaoh and blinded his subjects, who waked each other with their dismal cries, and the horror of the night added to their confusion; the expiring groans of their beloved first-born deeply affected them, and they expected a succession of death upon themselves; Pharaoh, hoping to avert an untimely death, in haste sent for Moses and Aaron, and commanded them to be gone with all speed. "Get you forth," says he, "from among my people, both you and the children of Israel, and go serve your God as ye have said; and take your flocks and your herds as ye demanded, and be gone: I will stand no longer on terms with you; only pray for me that this plague may go no further."

Moses having, by God's express command, directed the chil-

dren of Israel to borrow of their Egyptian neighbors jewels of silver and gold, and the Lord having disposed the Egyptians to lend them what they asked for, they by these means spoiled the Egyptians of their most valuable things; nay, so fearful were they that some heavy judgment would attend their longer continuance among them, that they forced them away, not suffering them to finish their bread, but obliging them to tie up their dough in their clothes, and carry it away on their backs unbaked.

The Lord having thus avenged on the Egyptians the obstinacy of their king in detaining his people in bondage, they now on a sudden thrust them out, as God had foretold, and drove them away in great haste.

The place of general rendezvous for the Israelites was Rameses, the chief city of Goshen; from whence, on the fifteenth day of their first month, they set forward as regularly as a well-ordered army, being in number about six hundred thousand men, besides children, and marched to Succoth. With them went a mixed multitude that were not Israelites, but strangers of several nations, who, having seen the calamities that Egypt had suffered for Israel's sake, chose rather to seek their fortunes with the Israelites, than tarry in a country almost made desolate.

The Israelites being to remove from Succoth, the Lord, for their encouragement and security, went before them in the daytime in a pillar of cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire, to direct and guide them; and though the Philistines' country was the nearest for them to pass, yet, lest the people, seeing them



with an armed force to oppose their passage, should repent of their deliverance, and willfully turn back to Egypt, he led them about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea,

and marching to Etham, they encamped there on the borders of the wilderness, which took its name from that place. From thence drawing them down more to the Red Sea, he caused them to encamp there, between the straits of the mountains, in sight of the sea. This was the Divine pleasure, that the Almighty Jehovah might more fully triumph over the Egyptian tyrant; for he had told Moses that Pharaoh would say they were entangled in the wilderness; and that he would harden Pharach's heart, that he should pursue them and be destroyed. This succeeded accordingly; for after the Egyptians had buried their dead first-born, Pharaoh, being told that the Israelites were gone, and concluding, from their long and speedy marches, that they had fled indeed, repented that he had let them go: his bounty in dismissing the enslaved Israelites scarce survived his deliverance from the angel's slaughtering hand, and rage and revenge succeeded to his late fear and grief for the death of the first-born.

Raising all the force which the shortness of the time would admit, he headed them, and immediately pursued the departing Israelites, in order to enslave them deeper.

He had with him six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt besides, that could be got ready at so short a warning, with their commanders and horsemen, with which he pursued them; and on the sixth day, after their departure out of Egypt, came up with them, and found them encamped by the sea; so that, as he had proposed to himself, he found the Israelites beset on every side, the sea in front, huge mountains on their flank, and his own army in their rear.

The sight of this army, and their old oppressor at the head of it, struck terror into the poor Israelites, who, soon forgetting their new-gotten liberty, betrayed a servile mind, and envied the slavish condition they but lately deplored.

They reproached Moses as the author of all their imaginary woes, and wished to resume the yoke they had but now shaken off. Long custom had inured them to a state of slavery, and continual servitude of body debased their spirits.

But pious Moses, not resenting their reproachful taunts, but pitying their abject fear, cheered them up with the assurance of God's protection and care, and said, "The Lord will fight for you and complete your deliverance; and this numerous army of the Egyptians, which now terrifieth you, shall no more affright or molest you."

The sacred rod, by which Moses had formerly wrought so many miracles, still retained its virtues as inimitable, but now more fatally destructive: "Lift up the rod," saith the Lord, "and stretch thy hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry land through the midst of the sea: and I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, that they shall pursue them, and there will I get me honor upon the ruin of Pharaoh and his mighty army."

To convince the doubting, intimidated Israelites of the peculiar favor and regard which God bore toward them as his chosen people, the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel in the pillar of the cloud, removed and went behind them, by which means it kept the two camps apart all night; and the cloudy side, being next the Egyptians, cast a darkness

toward them; but the fiery side, being next to the Israelites, gave them light.

Israel being thus secured from the terrifying sight of their enemies, Moses waved the sacred rod over the sea, and immediately a strong east wind blew, and drove the sea back from the land, and, dividing the waters, made a dry and safe passage for the Israelites, who, under the conduct of their great Guide, entered the sandy plain, and with amazement beheld the till then secret wonders of the deep. Enchanted with the floods, they marched boldly on, and instead of being terrified with the sight of a pursuing enemy, were entertained with the pleasing view of the sea's old spoils, and the treasures of the divided main.

The Egyptians, actuated by fury and revenge, pursued the track, and not suspecting but that they with their chariots and horsemen might safely follow where the Israelites, being but footmen, went before, entered in after them into the midst of the sea. But when, in the morning watch, the Lord had looked through the pillar of fire and cloud upon the Egyptians, and throwing their chariots off the wheels, had disordered their army, the Egyptians saw their error, and said, one to another, "Let us fly from the face of Israel, for Jehovah fighteth for them against us." But it was too late to fly; for Moses, at God's command, waving the sacred wand again, the sea returned to its strength; and the divided parts suddenly uniting, covered the thirsty bottom, while horror and confusion invaded the frightened Egyptians. They heard and saw the roaring waves break loose from their invisible chain, and with helpless speed



endeavored to avoid their relentless fury, but in vain; the mighty God of Jacob will avenge himself on the obstinate infidels, and their ruin shall be a lasting monument of his justice and his vengeance.

Thus did the Lord rescue the Israelites from the King of Egypt and his mighty army; which being cast on the shore, was a delightful spectacle to the Israelites, and a confirmation of the power of their Almighty God, who had delivered them from inevitable ruin. This created an awful reverence in them, not only to God himself, but his servant Moses, their happy guide, by whose hand God had wrought so many wonders for their preservation and safety.

Being now safely got to shore again, Moses and the Israelites, in grateful acknowledgment of their deliverance, sung a triumphant song, in which Miriam the prophetess, sister to Moses and Aaron, joined, taking a timbrel in her hand, and followed by the Israelitish women with timbrels and dances, answered the men, repeatedly and alternately, some parts of the song.



THE FACCHINI OF NAPLES.

docks. Steamers and vessels have, therefore, to anchor inside the mole or breakwater, and swing with the tide. After our steamer had been a full hour at her anchorage, word was given on board that passengers might land. By this time a crowd of boats was alongside, and persons in them were clamoring for passengers.

A friend had advised me to go to the Hotel of Commerce. On hearing the commissioner or agent of that hotel announce himself, I had my baggage sent down, and, taking a seat in the commissioner's boat, pushed off. Myself and friend were among the first on shore; but on touching feet to the pier we found ourselves in charge of a guard of soldiers, who directed us to the passport-office, where we must announce our names and our hotel, and receive a permit to stay in the city twenty-four hours. This permit, during twenty-four hours, was to be changed for our passports duly signed.

So far from being at liberty then to go, we had to return to our boat, and be rowed to the custom-house for the search of our baggage. During this part of our voyage one of the boatmen became quite eloquent in portraying our obligations to him, all which might be canceled by giving him a bottle, suiting the action to the word. As he made the gesture to indicate





how he would guzzle the wine, his eyes flashed with the anticipation. Just at this juncture the commissioner interfered to nip his budding hopes by charging me to pay no attention to The entire expense of landing might be any such claims. paid at the hotel. Here was a servant who would conduct us, employ the facchini, and do everything that was necessary. This was a great relief. Our baggage was soon passed, and we were at liberty to go our way. At this point commenced my first experience in a Naples crowd. What throngs of human beings-men, women, and children-some clamoring to carry the baggage, some begging, and others looking listlessly on! "Take care of your pockets," was the timely admonition of the guide: the facchini whom he had selected now placed each one a piece of baggage on his head, and away we started through the streets.

The facchini of Naples are a servile class—the burdenbearers of all who are above them, the servants of servants. A house-servant at a hotel never touches your trunk, but calls a facchini to do it. Many of the streets of the city being too steep for wheeled carriages, the facchini carry goods of all descriptions up and down them on their heads. As seen in our picture, a basket is an important implement for the facchino, serving him to contain small articles that he may be employed to carry, and, when sleepy, for a bed.

The presence of the facchini forms a feature in the streets of Naples. Their name designates them as the people of all work; and the fact that they work at all, elevates them above the lazzaroni, or professional beggars. They have a more

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cheerful look than the ragged population of London—the mildness of the climate mitigating their misery. Thousands of them spend their lives in the streets, having neither house nor home. What little they earn is expended for what they eat, drink, and wear; and they spend their lives in a state of ignorance almost brutal, with no hope that they or their children will ever rise above the condition in which they were born.



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CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE SPIDER.



anatomy of animals, of a compensation in the structure of one organ for the defects of another. The ponderous weight of the elephant's head rendered it necessary that his neck should be so short that it is impossible for him, with it, to reach the ground; and even though he might have fed upon shrubs and trees, yet he would not have been able to drink, had not this inconve-

nience been remedied by the length and flexible nature of the proboscis. The weakness of the legs and feet in the bat is compensated by the strength of its hook; and the want of web feet in the crane, which has to seek its food in the water, by a long leg, which enables it to wade, and a long bill, by which it can grope.

A scarcely less wonderful instance of this compensation is to be found in the spider, an insect which, however much we are wont to despise it, yet claims our serious attention, as exhibiting, in its structure and habits, evident marks of benevolent wisdom. It will, perhaps, be well known to our readers, that flies constitute the principal food of this insect; some may not, however, be acquainted with the remarkable fact that it is furnished with no wings to pursue its prey. To supply this deficiency, it is provided with an apparatus, by which it is able to weave webs for the entangling of its prey, and to fabricate little cells for its own habitations.

A careful examiner of a spider will perceive little teats or spinners in its body, in which are numerous small tubes; from each of these is drawn a slender thread, and all of these uniting together, a strong compound thread issues from each spinner. The claws with which the creature arranges these threads are not less delicate in construction than the threads themselves, and answer several important purposes in the economy of the animal.

One species of spider has an apparatus not unlike a carding machine, by which it forms the adhesive parts of the snare. The texture of the threads varies, according to the purpose they are meant to serve, those designed for the web being much more fragile than those intended to shelter the eggs of the female insect from cold, or from the attacks of its enemies.

The manner in which the garden spider, represented in the engraving, fabricates the web from these threads, is exceedingly curious, and well worthy of notice. Its first act is to form a circular outline, which it effects by fastening its threads on every leaf, for a considerable distance around. This accomplished, it next draws a cross thread from some convenient point in it, to the opposite side, and taking the middle of this as a center, it draws out various lines to the circumference.

resembling the spokes of a wheel. With the same center, it spins several circles, fastening its threads to the spokes, and having thus finished its work and tested its security, it returns to its own retreat, generally a cell in the center of the web, to wait till a vibration of the strings announces the approach of prey. How wonderful the contrivance by which God has thus enabled this little creature to provide for the supply of its wants! Man would have thought it impossible that an insect thus requiring smaller creatures for its support, and yet possessing no means of following them in their flight, could have continued in existence; but the goodness and the wisdom of God have abundantly provided for this emergency.

It surely, then, cannot become us to despise or wantonly to destroy an animal on which he has bestowed so much of his gracious care. Is it not rather our duty to learn some of those lessons it is so well calculated to teach, of the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the great Creator? We may be assured that the more we contemplate him in his works, the more will our admiration be excited, our humility deepened, our gratitude strengthened, and our love inflamed.—London Sunday-School Magazine.





THE TOWN OF WILLIAM OF WYERHAM.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

cathedrals is that of Winchester, the ancient capital of Britain. The great square tower in the center of the building, which, more than anything else, is essential to the perfection of its outward appearance, is yet unfinished. It will probably always remain so.

It is said that a place of worship was first built on this spot as early as the year of our Lord 176, by the British Prince Lucius, the first royal personage professing Christianity. Toward the close of the third century it was torn down, and most of its clergy martyred by Diocletian. On the accession of Constantius Chlorus to the Roman empire, A. D. 313, the church was rebuilt. Subsequently, in the conquest of the West Saxons, it was turned into a pagan temple, and in it Cerdic was crowned king.

After this, in the process of centuries, it was several times torn down and rebuilt. The present edifice was chiefly constructed between the years one thousand and fourteen hundred. It combines specimens of Saxon, Norman, and Gothic architecture, indicating, in its several stages, the rise, progress, and perfection of the latter. It is specially distinguished as presenting the longest sisle in England. Its principal dimensions are—extreme length, five hundred and sixty feet, and extreme breadth at the transepts, two hundred and eight feet. No description can convey to the reader a correct idea of the construction of such a building, or of the impression it makes on the thoughtful beholder. On entering the Winchester Cathedral, the idea of solitary grandeur was most present to my own mind. The lofty vault, the graceful arches, the long-drawn naves and aisles, and the pictured windows, combined to produce the mingled emotions of awe and admiration. My admiration, however, was chiefly for that of the architectural beauty before me, and the awe I felt was inspired more by the antiquity of what I beheld, and the sepulchral monuments around me, than by any idea of the religious utility of the structure I had entered. In short, I found Winchester Cathedral, like most other cathedrals, a grand mass-house, abounding

in chapels and niches for altars and images, but having no conveniences for either preaching or hearing the Gospel.

Since the mass has been abandoned in the English cathedrals, they have been converted into great mausoleums for the dead. A small space in the center, called the choir, partitioned off by itself, and entered by doors, is the only part of their vast extent in which Divine service is now held; and here the conveniences for Christian worship are far less than may be found generally in our American churches, costing only a millionth part of what these cathedrals cost.

On all the walls, and in the various recesses, or side chapels, are seen monuments, inscriptions, statues, busts, and paintings, commemorative of the life and death of distinguished persons who have been buried within them. In stone and wooden chests, and in graves beneath the stone floor of the Winchester Cathedral, repose the remains of kings, and princes, and bishops, and monks, and warriors of past ages, of whom a mere catalogue would weary the reader.

Many effigies of departed persons, or full length figures, in a recumbent position, are preserved, lying upon their tombs. These are sometimes of bronze, and sometimes of marble. The above view of the tomb of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and the principal architect of the cathedral in its present form, represents one of the best specimens of this kind of monuments so common in European cathedrals. The tomb, as here represented, is inclosed within a small chapel, or chantry, standing in a prominent part of the principal nave of the cathedral.

Persons can enter the chapel by a door, and pass around the tomb, of which this view is very correct. The bishop is represented as wearing his miter and his robes. His head reclines on a pillow, supported by two angels, while three shaven-headed monks sit at his feet, praying for the repose of his soul. All around the tomb are coats of arms. Originally, a costly altar and thirty silver statues adorned this chapel; but at some period of revolution, when money was in more demand than statues, those ornaments were taken away. Indeed, many of the ancient effigies of kings and ecclesiastics, as well as images designed for worship, have suffered from the hand of violence at those periods of English history when the popular mind revolted against the oppressions and superstitions with which it had been loaded and bound down.

The following is a translation of a Latin epitaph emblazoned on the tomb of Wykeham, in which our young readers will be able to detect two great Popish errors: first, that salvation is by meritorious works; and, secondly, that of praying for the dead:

"William, surnamed Wykeham, lies here, o'erthrown by death:
He was bishop of this church, and the repairer of it.
He was unbounded in his hospitality, as the poor and rich can equally prove.
He was likewise a sage politician and counselor of the state.
His piety is manifest by the colleges he founded:
The first of which is at Oxford, the second at Winchester.
You who look upon this monument, cease not to pray
That for such great deserts he may enjoy eternal life."

One might ask, If his great deserts had merited eternal life, what could be the need of prayers for his soul? and, again, if a man needs to be prayed for some hundreds or thousands of years after he is dead, what was the merit of his good works? These errors contradict each other; but truth is always consistent with itself.—D. P. Kidder.



WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

CHATTERTON, THE BOY-POET.

terton? He is often called the unfortunate Chatterton. Here is his portrait. He was indeed unfortunate. But it was chiefly because he began his career by an act of dishonesty. Let me tell you his history.

He was born at Bristol, in England, a hundred years ago. His parents were quite poor; but his talents were very remarkable. Unhappily, he conceived the idea of writing poems in the style and after the manner of the poets of the fifteenth century, and instead of calling them his own, pretended that he had copied them from some old parchments, found in a chest, over the chapel on the north side of Radeliffe Church. What put this idea into his head I cannot say. Perhaps he thought the poems would deceive the public. They would consider them very fine; and then, by coming out as their real author, he might suddenly find himself famous.

At first his plan promised to succeed. His poems had great merit, and their style was antiquated. But very soon the critics proved that they contained words not in use so long before, and that they alluded to recent events. So of course they called the poems an imposture, and looked upon Thomas Chatterton as an impostor.

Full of ambition, he went to London. But while his genius was not denied, his imposture was not forgotten; and the learned men of that day failed to encourage him. Then the poor boy's spirit grew sad. Having spent all his money, he shut himself up in his chamber, where he was found dead. It was thought he had taken some kind of poison. His body was put into a shell, or rough coffin, and buried in the grave-yard of the Shoelane Almshouse.

Thus perished, in his eighteenth year, an unfortunate boy who might have been an ornament to mankind. Had he adopted truth for his policy, instead of falsehood, he would have found friends. His singular genius would have triumphed over all the difficulties of poverty; and instead of being remembered as the unhappy and unfortunate Chatterton, he would have had a lofty niche in the temple of fame, and his name honored for ages. Learn, then, that always, everywhere, in every case, honesty, in which I include the idea of truthfulness and sincerity, is the best policy.—Francis Forrester.

NEDDIE NAYLOR AND JOHNNY JOHNSON; OR, FUN AND NO FUN.



NO FUN.

and studied hard besides, fell into a sound and pleasant sleep a few moments after he laid his busy little brain on the pillow. He had nothing on his mind to trouble him. He had

spent the day usefully; his lessons for the next morning were thoroughly learned; and he was a praying boy withal. What, then, had Neddie to hinder him from sleeping soundly? Nothing at all! Good, industrious boys can afford to sleep as they study—with all their might!

In the morning, he was up as soon as the first pale, wintery sunbeam straggled through his window, and lighted up his little chamber. Without shrinking from the cold, he sprang up, soused his plump face well with plenty of cold water, dressed himself neatly, and, after repeating his morning prayer, skipped lightly as a fawn down stairs. After eating a hearty breakfast, he tripped away to school, with a heart as cheerful as any little elfin's who ever danced in the court of Oberon.

On his way, he fell in with the idlers whom he had left on Tom Noddle's hill the previous evening. Addressing Ben Bluster, he said:

"Well, Ben, have you got your lesson ready?"

"O, don't ask!" replied Bluster. "It's no fun, I tell you, to get such a plaguey hard lesson as our class has got to recite this morning."

"No," interposed Will Willful; "there's no fun about it. I would give more for one hour's sledding down old Noddle's hill, than for a whole year of study."

"That's just where you are wrong, boys. Play is good in its place; but too much of it makes us slothful in our studies. And if we learn to neglect them, and grow up ignorant and idle, we shall be poor tools when we are men. You know an idle, ignorant man is brother to a beggar, and I'm sure that's no fun."

"Well, fun or no fun, I can't say my lessons," observed Johnny Johnson, who, while he was a very bright little fellow in all matters of play, was the worst dunce in the school. In fact, although he was some nine years old, he had but just mastered the alphabet.

The school bell rang at this moment. The boys hurried along without further conversation, and were soon quietly seated at their desks. As Neddie expected, there were a great many blundering recitations, followed by several reproofs from the teacher, that morning. Poor Johnny Johnson was sent out to the end of the school room, to a form called the dunce's seat, kept for the sole use of whoever was considered unworthy enough to occupy it as king of dunces.

Johnny did not relish his disgrace. There he sat, holding his primer in one hand, and rubbing his eyes with the other. One foot was on the floor, the other stretched along the form. His half-closed eyes were filled with tears, which, as they cozed out one by one, lay on his face like flattened dewdrops. His lips, too, were drawn together; and altogether he was rather a pitiful spectacle, as you may see by looking at his picture at the beginning of this article.

"It's my opinion," said Neddie Naylor to himself, as he finished a survey of Johnny's woe-begone face, "it's my opinion that neglecting one's lessons is, after all, no fun."

After school, Neddie took Ben Bluster aside, and asked him:

"What do you think now, Ben, about not learning your lesson?"

"Well, I think it's no fun to be king of dunces, as poor Johnny was this morning. I think I'll be like you hereafter, and study my lessons."

"Do," said Neddie, "and you will enjoy play all the better. Study is as good as horse-radish to give one an appetite—I don't mean for beef-steak, but for the play-ground. But it's my dinner time, so good bye, Ben."

"Good bye, Neddie."

Poor Johnny Johnson, who had found it to be no fun to sit on the dunce's seat at school, tried hard to study his lessons well. But old habits are like thistles, strongly rooted, and difficult to pull up. Hence, Johnny found it sore work to apply himself to his book. No sooner did he get his primer open, and begin to spell out his words, than his mind darted off to the sledding parties on Tom Noddle's hill, or to the skaters on old Nobbs's pond. Then, forgetting his lesson, he sat and gazed into the air, thinking, thinking, thinking—no, not thinking, but dreaming day-dreams about everything except his lessons. Presently he started up, and found his primer on the floor. It had dropped out of his hand without his knowing it. The sight of the little dog-eared book put him in mind of his purpose to be a student, and he once more bent over his task.

But his mind would no more stay on the primer, than a balloon will stay untied on the ground; it would go off on another flight; and once more the poor primer found its way to the little dreamer's feet.

"It's no use, I can't study," he cried, when he again came to himself. "But," he added thoughtfully, "Neddie Naylor can, and I don't see why I can't. I'll go and ask him how he does it."

Upon this, he ran off to see his friend Neddie. He found him in what he called his study. It was a corner of his mother's sitting room, which had a secretary standing in it, containing the family library. As Johnny entered the room, the servant said:

"Neddie, here is a little boy who wishes to see you."

Neddie turned round, and after seeing who his visitor was, leaped from his chair, and said:

"Johnny! I'm glad to see you; I've just finished my lesson for to-morrow, and now I'm ready for play, my boy!"

"I am not come to play with you, Neddie; I want to talk with you."

"To talk with me, eh? Well, sit down, and tell me what you want to talk about."

"About my lessons."

"What about your lessons?"

"I can't get them."

"Can't get them, indeed! I know better than that. Why, Johnny, you are as smart as any boy in our school, of your age. You can beat many of the large boys at play, and I'm sure it's in you to study, if you only choose to try."

"But I've been trying, and I can't. As soon as I take up my book, I begin to think of everything, and so forget to study."

"That's because your mind is not used to study. Now, Johnny, if you are only determined, you'll soon get over that trouble; and until you do, suppose you stand up while you study, and keep repeating your lesson over aloud."

"I never thought of that. I'll try it. But now I will go with you and play a while."

"Hadn't you better get your lesson for to-morrow first, Johnny?" asked Neddie.

"Why—yes—perhaps I had—but—I'll let it go this once," replied John, drawlingly.

"No, Johnny, don't! You must try now, until you succeed, or you will never make any improvement. Now do, Johnny, try to-day."

Johnny consented, after a little more resistance, and then ran home. As to Neddie, he felt that he had done a good deed, and his heart was full of light and joy. A few minutes afterward, he was seen gliding on his skates over the smooth surface of old Nobbs's pond; and there was no voice among the scores of boys congregated there, that rung out louder or more merrily than his. Neddie played with all his heart, just as he did everything else.

The next day, to his great gratification, little Johnny said his lesson without a single blunder. The master was as pleased as he was surprised. He patted Johnny on the head, and said:

"Well done, Johnny! You will be a scholar after all, if you keep trying."

This remark made Johnny's eyes sparkle, and he said in his heart, "Yes, I will be a scholar, if trying will do it."

That afternoon, after Neddie had prepared his lesson for the



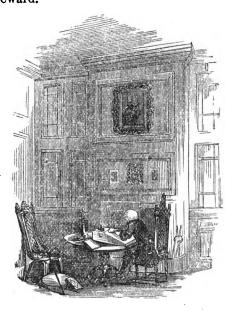
FUN.

following day, he ran down to Johnny's house. He found him surrounded with playthings, a jumping Merry Andrew in his hands, and wearing a face so jolly and cheerful that he looked like an image of happiness and good nature. Richard Whittington was not happier when he became Lord Mayor of London, than was Master Johnny in the midst of his playthings. Seeing Neddie approach, he said:

"Neddic, I can enjoy fun now, because I've found out that

I can get my lessons. It's no fun to be a dunce, but it is fun to get your studies, and then play without fear of the dunce's seat before your eyes."

Of course, this doctrine suited Neddie's ideas. He joined the joyful Johnny in his play, and they spent a right happy hour in each other's company. Whether Johnny ever became a great scholar, is a question I am not fully able to solve, though I am inclined to think he did. However, he has no statue erected to his memory, either in St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Perhaps the world has not dealt justly toward him. But that is of little consequence he has his reward.



MACARONI.



faborite and common food of the Italians is called It is macaroni. made of flour, butter, and grated cheese. These articles are first mingled together into a thick paste, which is drawn out into small tubes and dried. It is then ready for cooking.

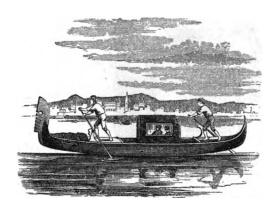
In the suburbs

of Naples it is a common thing to see large quantities of macaroni hung up to dry in the sun. It is, of course, only a cheap quality that is thus exposed to dust and dirt. However, many thousands of the Neapolitans can only afford to buy a cheap quality. To accommodate such, many shops and public

stands in the streets are devoted to cooking and selling macaroni.

Our engraving shows a lusty macaroni cook, who appears as though he made free use of the article he sells. Close at hand is one of his customers, who, knowing how to use fingers better than knives and forks, allows the slippery tubes to glide down his throat in the directest manner.

Macaroni is an article of export from Italy. It finds its way into most of the countries of Europe and America; but nowhere else is it used so commonly as in the country where it is principally made.

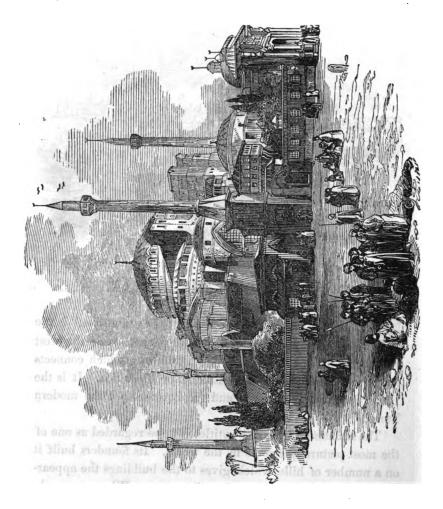




THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

capital of the Ottoman empire. It stands on the west end of the narrow channel of the Bosphorus, which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Euxine, or Black Sea. It is the Byzantium of the ancients, and the Stamboul of the modern Turks.

The situation of this city entitles it to be regarded as one of the most picturesque spots in the world. Its founders built it on a number of hills, which gives to the buildings the appearance of standing on a succession of terraces. When approached from the sea, it excites the most unbounded admiration.



M. Lamartine declares, that nature and art are here combined to form one of the most interesting spectacles which the eye can behold. "I uttered," says he, "an involuntary cry when the magnificent panorama opened upon my sight. I forgot forever the Bay of Naples and all its enchantments: to compare anything with this marvelous and graceful combination, would be an injustice to the fairest work of creation."

The far-famed Golden Horn is its harbor, in which steamers and native craft give to the scene an animated appearance; while light caiques, or passage boats, bearing their turbaned passengers, are continually skimming over the surface of the blue and limpid waters. When viewed from the deck of a vessel, a variety of beautiful objects rise on the view. Here are minarets of mosques and domes of bazaars, and there the turrets of towers and the walls of khans. On the highest terrace is the palace of the sultan, the gilded cupolas of which peep above the lofty summits of plane and cypress trees, the lower pavilions of the royal building being enshrouded by a shrubbery of orange, fig, and other choice and beautiful trees.

The most remarkable building in Constantinople is the mosque of St. Sophia, (see opposite page,) founded by Constantine, rebuilt by Justinian for Christian worship, but for ages appropriated to the service of Islamism. According to Von Hammer, "a hundred architects superintended its erection under Justinian. Five thousand masons worked on the right side and five thousand on the left. The mortar was made with barley-water, and the stones of the foundation were cemented with a mastic made of lime and barley-water. By

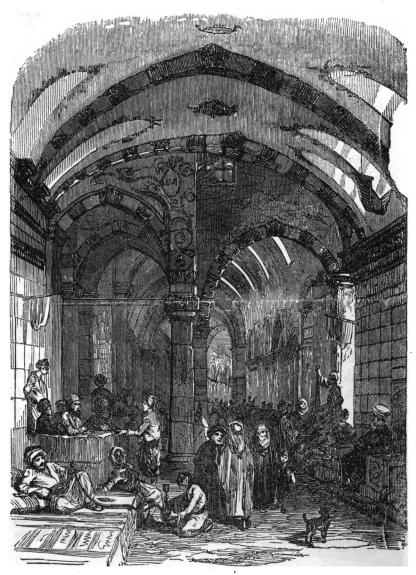


STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

the time the walls had been raised two yards above the ground, four hundred and fifty-two hundred weight of gold had been expended. The magnificence and variety of the marble columns surpassed all bounds." Massive walls once surrounded the city; they are now in an impaired state through the lapse of ages. A bridge of boats connects Constantinople with Galata and Pera, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn, which now, indeed, form a part of this Eastern metropolis.

However imposing the exterior of the city, the interior presents a perfect contrast, and offends the senses of all European visitors. The streets are inconveniently narrow, steep, and dirty. Throughout the whole day a busy and confusing din is heard from the throng of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Franks, who push their trades in these thoroughfares. Here are crowds of itinerant vendors of fruit, and all sorts of wares; porters with heavy burdens making their way along the defile; donkeys with loaded panniers, and an occasional camel quietly bearing the produce of Arabia or Syria to the bazaars. Innumerable dogs, which own no man as master, prowl about in search of food, and not a little inconvenience the progress of the passengers, who, in picturesque costume, are on their way to the mosques.

A recent visitor states: "Next to the mosques and the minarets, the fountains are decidedly the most beautiful features in Constantinople. They are very numerous, water being an object of the first importance with a people who drink, or are supposed to drink, no other beverage, and who are, moreover, perpetually washing themselves from morning to night. Many



TURKISH BAZAAR.

of the fountains, particularly those attached to the seraglio and the mosques, are stately covered structures, with curious gratings at the sides, and wide-spreading roofs to shade from the sun. Collected around these fountains, all day long, are to be seen picturesque groups of people, male and female, drawing water, or performing their ablutions previous to entering the mosques."



ABDUL MEDJID, THE TURKISH SULTAN.



GIVE! GIVE!

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give prayers: the evening hath begun;
Be earlier than the rising sun:
Remember those who feel the rod;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can boundless blessings give:
Breathe prayers; through them the soul shall live.

Give alms: the needy sink with pain; The orphans mourn, the crush'd complain. Give freely: hoarded gold is cursed, A prey to robbers and to rust. Christ, through his poor, a claim doth make; Give gladly, for thy Saviour's sake.

Give books: they live when you are dead; Light on the darken'd mind they shed; Good seed they sow, from age to age, Through all this mortal pilgrimage; They nurse the germs of holy trust; They wake untired when you are dust.

Give smiles, to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild;
It bringeth love, its guard to be;
It, helpless, asketh love from thee:
Howe'er by fortune's gifts unbless'd,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.

Give words, kind words, to those who err; Remorse doth need a comforter: Though in temptation's wiles they fall, Condemn not—we are sinners all: With the sweet charity of speech, Give words that heal, and words that teach.

Give thought, give energy, to themes That perish not like folly's dreams. Hark! from the islands of the sea, The missionary cries to thee: To aid him on a heathen soil, Give thought, give energy, give toil.

The Minter Ebening. With this winter evening scene we reach the last page of our Olio. May the reader so live that the winter of his life may be as calm and lovely as the scene in this picture.

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